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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THERE is something so arresting about a deficit of £36,000,000, that we are positively glad it is no smaller. Some such shock as this was needed to bring home to the country the stark realities of its present and the perils of its future. The falling off in revenue is relatively of little moment. The creeping paralysis that spread through all industry as the result of the coal stoppage is almost enough in itself to account for it, and in any event a year of good trade will bring the credit side of the balance up to normal. What is really alarming is the huge growth in expenditure. That is an indication of a disease which, unless it is promptly counteracted, threatens to become a permanent handicap on all British activities. At last, however, the nation and even Parliament have been shocked into a realization that nothing can be lastingly right with a country when its finances are as disorganized as ours are. We do not despair of seeing economy becoming quite a fashionable

cry. That is not saying much, but all things must have a beginning, and a cause has made some progress when it can be counted as a fad.

Already there are tokens of what the spring mode in politics may prove to be. The Prime Minister, for instance, has ruled out State purchase of mining royalties as for the time being financially inadmissible. Ten Conservative M.P.s have tabled a resolution calling for the early scrapping of the Ministry of Transport, the Ministry of Mines and the egregious Department of Overseas Trade. If simultaneously with such sturdy strokes of the axe, there were adopted Lord Oxford's suggestions that the spending departments be rationed, and that the Civil Service be barred for a while to new entrants, we should at least have made a beginning. "A. A. B." in *The Times* despairs of real economy so long as two-thirds of the tax revenue is supplied by one-tenth of the electors, and Demos, applauding retrenchment in public speeches, clamours for more and more hard cash to be spent on "social reform." But Demos

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has never been lacking in this form of appetite and it has always been, and is to-day, for his rulers to determine how far it shall be satisfied. The trouble is far more at the top, in the Government and in Parliament, than at the bottom.

The Labour Party has never had much of a reputation for political strategy, and it certainly does nothing to deserve one. Among the Chinese Nationalists there are Moderates and Extremists, and the policy of the British Government should obviously be to strengthen the more moderate element. But there are also in the Government two quite definite tendencies, and the policy of the Labour Party should obviously be to strengthen Sir Austen Chamberlain and the moderate wing in their efforts to prevent our natural indignation over the Nanking affair from dragging us into an unwanted and unwarranted war. But, instead of supporting the Foreign Secretary, men like Mr. George Lansbury prefer to abuse him as a scoundrel and a liar, much to the advantage of our own extremists. The Chinese must sometimes pray to be saved from their friends.

Despite this lack of support, due to the fact that China has been made a Party issue, Sir Austen Chamberlain has not given way to those who clamour for a change of policy. For a time, it is true, there was serious talk of sending an ultimatum—under another name, perhaps—to the Nationalists. But neither the United States nor Japan would agree to any definite threat of sanctions, and after some hesitation the British attitude has been modified. This is all to the good, for the three Governments will now be able to present very similar demands for apologies and reparation for the Nanking outrages. Our Memorandum has shown that we are willing to go further than any other foreign Power in meeting the demands of the Chinese, and it would have been little short of a tragedy if, by threatening reprisals to which other countries could not agree, we had once again allowed the Bolsheviks to make us the scapegoat.

If adequate apologies are forthcoming—and General Chiang Kai-shek has let it be understood that he is willing to punish the guilty and make amends for the damage done—it should be possible to resume discussions with the Nationalists. The moment, indeed, is far more favourable than the messages of Special Correspondents in Shanghai would lead one to believe. Instead of surrendering to the Communists, General Chiang Kai-shek is busy shutting them up in jail, and it is in our interest to increase his influence instead of declaring, as did one of these Special Correspondents a few days ago, that his mentality "is little above that of the average coolie." Again, the fact that all foreigners are about equally unpopular in China at the present moment has its advantages, since it should encourage the Powers to agree on their general policy. The situation will only remain

really dangerous as long as each interested Government is trying to make a good bargain with the Cantonese at the expense of the others.

The Government's Bill to reform trade union law, with the implications of which we deal more fully in a leading article, introduces to domestic politics for the first time for many years an issue of first-class importance. For that, at least, we may be thankful: it is good for the prestige of Parliament that it should have a lively and contentious issue to debate. About the justice of the Bill there cannot on broad issues be much doubt, though in certain particulars, as we point out elsewhere, it requires modification. It goes boldly after its object, which is a far better policy than a series of ineffective pinpricks. As for its expediency, that is another matter. At the present moment trade is reviving and workers are settling down more or less amicably after a prolonged period of unrest, and there is a definite risk in taking any steps which can be construed as a blow at their rights. The Government Bill is described by the Die-Hard Press as the "Workers' Charter" and by the *Daily Herald* as the "Blacklegs' Charter." Needless to say, it is neither of these, but a plain, straightforward attempt to prune an overgrowth.

It is certain that the Labour Party will fight the Bill tooth and claw. This will probably do the Government some harm in the constituencies, but that is a danger that ought not to be shirked by any Government worth the name. If Labour were wise it would take the opportunity provided by the Bill to come to grips with its extremists. Rumours of an imminent dissolution are rife, but they can be discounted: a Government with a majority of two hundred that went wantonly to the country would be suffering from dementia. It is not trade union reform but finance that will bring this Administration down if anything does. The most interesting thing about the political situation at the present time is this, that everything the Government are doing or thinking of doing—taking away money from political Labour by their alteration of the political levy system, for instance, or proposing to introduce the alternative vote—makes more certain a Liberal revival.

It is impossible not to feel that the conclusion of each new treaty of non-aggression in Europe makes the danger of war a little greater instead of a little smaller. While Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand still hesitate to take action over the Yugoslav-Albanian frontier affair, the one because he fears to offend Rome, and the other because he fears to offend Belgrade, Italy has concluded a treaty with Hungary which will inevitably strengthen the conviction that Signor Mussolini is determined to control the Balkans. Until recently the French had it all their own way, and since they were the first people to pretend that partial alliances were in the interests

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of the League of Nations, they have no right to complain now that the Italians hoist them with their own petard. But Great Britain cannot afford to look on unprotestingly while France and Italy, in their battle for national prestige, bring us back to the conditions which led to the war of 1914.

The Preparatory Commission for the League of Nations Disarmament Conference has made surprisingly good progress in the last few days and should very shortly have reached agreement on a Draft Treaty for the general limitation of Armaments. This is no small achievement, as anyone will realize who has read the Report of the so-called Sub-Commission "A," which is an astonishing *exposé* of the difficulties which technical experts representing different national policies can draw up when they really get busy. Of course, agreement on a Draft Treaty is only one step towards limiting armaments, but it is a step that has never been achieved before. Even if several Governments do not raise further objections to this draft at its second reading, there remains the great problem of getting agreement on the ratio of limitation of various forms of armaments which each country will be expected to accept. Nevertheless, thanks greatly to Lord Cecil, it is now clear that a general reduction of armaments is not a technical impossibility.

The extreme activity shown by the censor in Bucarest in dealing with all telegrams from Rumania has naturally given rise to all sorts of rumours of a revolution which, it is alleged, will break out as soon as death removes the unfortunate King Ferdinand. It is quite true that Queen Marie feels very bitterly about the behaviour of Prince Carol, and that some of the Opposition leaders would willingly create difficulties for the Government by trying to persuade this exiled Prince to return as claimant to the throne. It is also true that, when the Bratianu brothers, themselves compelled to resign from office, intrigued to get General Averescu made Prime Minister despite the smallness of his party, they did not anticipate that, once in office, he would show nearly as much independence as he has shown. But we cannot believe that General Averescu will try to prevent the formation of a Cabinet of National Union, in which M. Titulescu, the Minister in London, would play a prominent part, in the hope that he will be made dictator. That way lies revolution, and there is plenty of discontent to foment it.

The complexity, in Britain at any rate, of all legislation touching land and property is demonstrated afresh by the Government's Landlord and Tenant Bill. It is intended to do away with old injustices of our leasehold system—the helplessness of tenants to obtain compensation for the improvements they have effected and the goodwill they have created, and their lack of security when the question of renewing a lease comes up. With many complications and

qualifications the Bill appears to do this, but as it is not retrospective, and is not likely to be made so in Committee, many of the present generation of leaseholders will get little out of it. On the other hand, Parliament may quite possibly decide to extend its provisions, which at present are restricted to business premises, to doctors and dentists, whose profession ties them down to particular neighbourhoods as surely as the possession of a shop. Irish history does not encourage the idea that a tribunal arbitrating between landlord and tenant makes for much peace or satisfaction, but there is no way of escaping one. On the whole the measure meets the needs of justice. It should have been introduced forty years ago, but whether the needs of justice can be reconciled with the inducements to build and to develop only time can show.

The alteration in taxi-cab fares is to be welcomed. The taxi is not merely a luxury; for a great many people it is occasionally a necessity. But the lowering of fares, though it will both relieve a considerable section of the public and improve the earnings of taxi-drivers, will not produce all the effects expected from it by those who forget the congestion of the London streets. There are many areas in which, during certain hours, a taxi is very far from being a rapid means of locomotion. Over short distances, during those hours, it is almost as quick, and certainly less irritating, to walk. Lower fares are well enough; but we must secure reduction in the number and length of compulsory waits on journeys through central London before the taxi can again enjoy popularity. Pending, however, the radical reform in London street traffic which is overdue, we may applaud a change beneficial, as far as it goes, alike to the general public and to those who own and drive taxis.

The clubs and most bridge players are watching with great interest the spirited campaign which the *Evening Standard* is conducting against the domination of the Portland Club over the most popular of all card games. A surprisingly large number of players, well known for their skill, have come forward to testify that in their opinion the ruling authority in the card world has failed to move with the times and has committed the country to an insular form of bridge, not played outside Britain, and definitely less varied, open and attractive than the game which obtains on the Continent and in America. Some of the upholders of this view have stated their opinions with the heat and force that only a restricted and semi-private quarrel can engender, and in some forgetfulness of the services that the Portland Club has rendered to British card games in the past. But there cannot be much doubt that the movement of revolt has reason and the best interests of bridge behind it, and that the Portland Club would be wise to invite at once a conference with the leading London clubs for the purpose of framing a more up-to-date code of rules. There is not, and should not be, any desire to overthrow its authority, but it must modernize its practices.

THE TRADE UNIONS BILL

THAT the Trade Unions Bill should have so shocked many good people only shows that our political temperature these latter days has been sub-normal. There are few, even among Conservatives, who will approve the Bill without reserve, and there are very many who, approving its substance, will doubt its practical wisdom. Among these last are employers, who last year would have given warm support to a Bill of this kind, but now that their relations with their workmen are good and improving, think time and the instinct of the race for compromise are better protections than a measure which, however just in itself, may arouse once more the dormant passions of class war. With these tactical considerations we are not for the moment concerned. The Government must be presumed to have counted these risks, and a Bill of this character once introduced can hardly give way to anything less than a General Election.

Premising the necessity for much amendment and revision, we welcome this Bill as a bold attempt to deal with certain abuses which have made of trade unionism a potential menace to the sovereignty of the State. This menace is not to be ignored in easy generalities about the beneficence of the genuine trade union movement; for the more valuable an institution is, the greater the temptation to the unscrupulous to pervert it from its original uses and the stronger our duty to resist them. In many ways the present relations of the State to trade unions remind us of the quarrels between kings and clerics in the Middle Ages. Our English kings did not question the supremacy of the Church in all matters of religious faith, but that did not prevent them from passing their Statutes of *præmunire* against all who should purchase or procure any Bulls from the court of Rome, and this limitation of its sphere strengthened the Church by making it national. We are not suggesting a parallel between medieval Rome and modern Soviet Moscow, but we do mean that in so far as trade unions can divide a man's allegiance and challenge the supreme authority of the State, this is a danger to the welfare of both unions and the State, and may call for a modern equivalent of the old *præmunire*.

The Bill is not an easy measure to summarize, but its primary object is to make a general strike illegal and to equip the Government with powers to deal with its challenge more effectually. It has often been said, even by those who hated the general strike and regard it as subversive of genuine trade unionism, that we could not legislate against it because we could not define the general strike or make it illegal without also making all sympathetic strikes illegal. These difficulties the first clause of the Bill gets round very ingeniously. The term general strike is not mentioned; instead we have a definition of an illegal strike. Under the Bill, any strike is illegal which has an object that cannot be satisfied within the trade in which the strike takes place, and which in pursuit of that object attempts "to coerce the Government or to intimidate the community or any substantial portion of the community." The two conditions must both be

satisfied. The object of the dispute must fall outside those economic issues which can be settled within the trade, and it must be designed or calculated to coerce or intimidate the Government or the community. It follows, if this paraphrase of Clause One be correct, that the Bill leaves quite unaffected the right of workmen to strike for economic objects that masters and men in the union can settle among themselves. Nor does it prohibit a sympathetic strike, so long as its objects are economic and can be obtained without coercion of the Government. It does not even make a strike for a political object illegal in itself, except in so far as that may be held to be coercion or intimidation. Broadly, however, the effect of the clause is to make the strike for a political as distinguished from an economic object illegal, and the test of this distinction is whether the dispute is between the nominal parties or between the strikers and the State.

We have paraphrased the wording of the clause very freely in order to bring out its governing idea more clearly. But the precise wording is very important in Acts of Parliament, and it is obvious at a glance that both revision and addition are necessary. "Coerce the Government" and "intimidate the community" are both vague phrases, though they may perhaps stand; but the additional words, "or any substantial portion of the community," introduce a dangerous latitude and might be stretched to cover merely local disputes, which the Government would be well advised to leave alone. A more serious blemish is that the prohibitions of the Bill extend to the actions of the workers' unions only, and not to the equally strong unions of masters, and this obvious partiality both looks and is bad. All the objections to a political strike apply equally to a political lock-out. A further question that should be considered is whether, having barred the strike as a political weapon for the coercion of the Government or the persuasion of the community by the *peine forte et dure* of a strike, we should not set up some intermediate body between the unions and Parliament for the investigation of mixed questions of politics and economics.

We pass to the provisions directly affecting civil servants. There is one curious clause, hedged about with exceptions and exemptions, which prevents civil servants from being members of an outside union, and this clause hardly explains itself and will require further elucidation. Another clause, which is surely sound, makes it a penal offence for anyone employed by a public authority, local or national, to strike without notice. The lightning strike is one of the bad developments of modern trade union action, and the only reason, we imagine, that the Government has not attempted to suppress it altogether, is that it is too common and would lead to the imposition of penalties in countless frivolous cases. Wisely, therefore, the penalties of the "lightning strike" are confined to those who are in the public service.

The section of the Bill dealing with picketing is, one would imagine, declaratory of the existing law, for the peaceful persuasion that the law has legalized was never intended to justify intimidation. In practice, peaceful picketing has been regarded by strikers as justifying anything

but the actual laying on of hands; but there are forms of intimidation quite as effectual as physical violence, and the new Bill attempts with greater or less success to define them. You are intimidated if you have a reasonable fear of injury, and the expression, "apprehension of injury," is expressly declared to include not merely physical or material injury, which would be reasonable enough, but "an apprehension of boycott, or loss of any kind, or of exposure to hatred, ridicule, or contempt." These last words are surely impossibly wide; in effect they say that any form of picketing is intimidation, which, if the words used were written, would make a ground for an action of libel. They are typical of several turns of expression in the Bill which we hope have been put in only to be taken out or whittled away in order to create an appearance of concession.

Finally, there is a section of the Bill which requires members who approve of a trade union levy to contract in instead of as at present contracting out if they disapprove. In practice we imagine that this change will make very little difference, except in the amount of stationery used, and it would probably be wiser to drop this and other parts of the Bill which serve to irritate and create an impression of persecution rather than make real and salutary change. The penalties in the Bill have been criticized, and while they are not in themselves excessive, we have misgivings about handing over the interpretation of an illegal strike within the difficult definition of Clause One to a court of summary jurisdiction. If a strike is illegal, it is the leaders that we would wish to restrain, and in their case the right procedure is surely on indictment where they will have the advantage of a jury.

There is much to amend in the Bill, and some sections that would be better dropped altogether. In spite of that it is a courageous attempt to do work that needs doing, and the policy of the Labour Party in threatening opposition to every single provision is not only bad citizenship but also bad tactics. With the amendments that we have suggested, there is nothing in the Bill to justify the charge that it will encourage the class war and increase the influence of the Communists in the trade union councils. That influence is already great, out of all proportion to their numbers, and the unions exercise such enormous powers, both for good and evil, that some better safeguards against abuse than the present casual and apathetic ballots for the election of officers of the Executive are surely necessary—alike in the interests of the country and of the unions themselves. It is of no use for the Labour Party in Parliament to refuse affiliation to the Communists so long as they are free to capture the levers of trade union action and to use the good name of the Labour moderates for objects subversive of the ideals for which these men stand. If the Labour Party were in earnest in repudiating the extremists, and were wise in its tactics, it would see in this Bill the best chance it will ever have of defeating its extremists and revolutionaries and confirming its own faith in constitutional methods. It would try to amend this Bill (a process in which it would have much Conservative sympathy and support) instead of sending round the fiery cross against it.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

THE lull which goes before the storm is drawing to an end. Already the rumbling of distant thunder can be heard. The Trade Union Bill has been published and we are on the eve of the Budget. The former has infuriated the Labour Party, the latter can hardly hope to please anyone. A Chancellor of the Exchequer who could supply a deficit of thirty-six and a half millions without giving offence would indeed be a wizard who would inspire admiration rather than confidence.

* * *

The Labour Party are boldly claiming that the Trade Union Bill will reunite their ranks, which they thus admit are at present divided. While it may be conceded that there is truth in the claim, it must be remembered that any Trade Union Bill would have had the same effect, and that a milder Bill, while it would equally have rallied the Opposition, would have failed to satisfy Ministerialists or their supporters in the country. The present Bill has certainly achieved this object, and the shrill cries of pain and anger which it has drawn from the Socialists sound like music in the ears of their political opponents, who believe that they have been too kindly treated for too long.

* * *

Whatever good the new Bill may do to the Socialists will be amply compensated for by the good that it will do to the Conservatives. Government Whips have been complaining lately that members are getting slack in their attendance. Grumbles have been audible on back benches and they have not been confined to the Die-hard fraternity. Indeed the Die-hards have been doing much to disgruntle their milder and more loyal colleagues. Members who consistently support the Government have a legitimate grievance when they find their constituencies deluged by a fellow member of the same Party with literature advocating a policy other than that which the Government pursues. And injury is added to insult when demands are made for funds to support this definitely anti-Government policy. But the final blow is dealt when the much harassed Government supporter, thinking that he has succeeded in demonstrating to his constituents the wisdom of the Government's policy with regard to Russia, opens his morning paper to find the bottom knocked out of that policy by a violent speech from one of the Government's most prominent Ministers.

* * *

In these circumstances it is not surprising that there has been a growing demand that the Government should give a more definite lead. That lead has now been given, and it has rallied the Tories like a trumpet call. It is an open secret that had the Bill reached its final form three months ago it would have been a very different Bill. Rumours as to its anodyne and colourless character had already been widely spread. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the Bill as it stands is a concession to the Right Wing of the Party. Evidence has been collected from all quarters, and the evidence which has rightly been allowed to weigh most heavily is that of members who represent large industrial constituencies, from which the demand for an alteration in the system of collecting the political levy is most insistent.

Even if the effect of the introduction of this Bill is as great as Labour members predict, if it does result in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald being once more able to lead his own Party, no great harm will have been done to the Government, and much good will have been done to the House of Commons. The Treasury Bench are well able to deal with the Front Bench of the Opposition, however well led and well organized they may be, and if the swords of Ministers and of their supporters have recently been growing rusty, it is only because they have met with nothing that was worthy of their steel.

*
* *

Mr. MacDonald has been a pathetic figure when he has occasionally appeared during the last few weeks. When questions are being asked with regard to China he sits drumming nervously with his fingers on his knee. Sometimes he half turns in his seat, as though to expostulate with his supporters, but he thinks better of it at the last moment and the protest is never delivered. No wonder that the possibility of alternative leadership is ever present to the minds of his followers. Mr. Wheatley's recent gesture is obviously an experiment in the exploitation of this possibility. It seemed on Tuesday afternoon as though he and the Clydesiders, among whom he now sits, were out for a trial run in order to test their own powers of opposition and obstruction. The subject was the Indian Navy, a difficult one about which to raise either points or passion. They made a poor job of it, but we hope they will not be too easily discouraged.

FIRST CITIZEN

THE NEXT ELECTION IN FRANCE

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

THE next election is the major issue in France at the present moment. Not, of course, among the voters, who think of an election very much as they think of the Bourse—something inscrutable—and ultimately they are made to vote exactly as they are made to buy or sell. The election is the real question with the Deputies, because it means life or death to them. The Cartel is willing to submit, in an undignified manner, to its sworn enemy Poincaré on the Debt question, the Disarmament question, the Rhine question, the Financial question, in fact, in all that is important for the country; but it will leave to no one its own personal interests. Consequently the attention of the Radicals is centred on their re-election.

They have always opposed Proportional Representation because it makes a combine with other parties an impossibility and because their politics are nothing if they are not local. What they want is the old election by constituencies, which M. Briand once defined as the "stinking pool" régime. Please observe that the *arrondissement* is not, as would at first blush appear, the same as the British system. In England you know no second ballot, and no compromise is possible between candidates. In France, the second ballot, a fortnight after the first, makes jockeying not only a habit but a necessity. Hence M. Briand's outburst, unique in this careful gentleman's oratorical career.

During a long succession of years there used to be in most constituencies three candidates: one, Republican—who calls himself to-day Radical or Radical-Socialist—another, his chief opponent, who was styled a Conservative, and is now called a Nationalist, and finally a somewhat mysterious personage, the Socialist candidate. Until 1898, when the Socialists first cut a real figure in the Chamber, the Socialist

candidate was a negligible quantity. The Conservative gentleman would, in his speeches, whisper something about the "dark shadow of the Revolution," and his Republican antagonist would occasionally conclude his *feuilleton* with a "Careful! citizens! be careful, for I hear the murmur of a long-oppressed proletariat, and what we will not give it of our free-will, its anger might justly wrest out of our grip." But both the Conservative and the Republican knew that the Socialist candidate, viz., Citoyen Briand or Citoyen Millerand, would get about one-twentieth of the votes.

During the fortnight following the election the Republican candidate used to meet the humble Socialist bosses at the house of some advanced brewer and had no trouble in persuading them that his programme was nearer to theirs than that of a more or less avowed Royalist. Whereas in Great Britain a General Election is so clear that even foreigners understand it at once, French elections have always been a puzzle for the uninitiated. Why? Because the thought of the second ballot possibilities invariably induced candidates to shun clear, definite issues. (The only exceptions were the Election of 1919 which could easily be summed up as "Caillaux v. Clemenceau," and, in a less degree, the Election of 1924 which meant a reproof of Millerand's unconstitutionalism.) The Radicals want to go back to half-tints and favourable shades.

Are they right, that is to say, do they see clearly where their own interest lies? Probably not. The Socialists have long ceased to be what they were when a Radical candidate could always count upon them. They now number 106 in the Chamber and possess a solid little group in the Senate. Moreover the statistics of the last three elections show that the Radicals have lost over 500,000 votes. Those votes have all gone to the Socialists. It seems, therefore, to be more than likely that, in a number of constituencies, the Socialist ticket will have a majority in the first ballot and the Radicals, if they submit to a Cartel combine, will have to vote the same in the second ballot. This only means that the slow merging of the Radicals into Socialism, begun when they felt it indispensable to call themselves Radical-Socialists, will now precipitate itself. Already their chief organ, *Le Quotidien*, mirrors the ideas of the Socialist leader, Renaudel, much more than those of the Radical leader, Sarraut. To be even more definite, the Radicals who used to differentiate themselves from the Socialists by their attachment to private property are gradually being driven to, at least, nationalization of railways and mines and to a Capital levy. Within a few years it seems inevitable that they will have to renounce their present name and call themselves Reform Socialists, for instance, and it will be a great gain. French politics will only be intelligible when the Chamber is divided between two great parties with opposed financial doctrines.

In the meantime the present effort of the Radicals is to pass a law restoring the old vote by constituencies. Will they succeed? Most undoubtedly, since they are a majority and the Socialists support them—not without a diabolical smile. So the question is elsewhere. It is: Will the Nationalists in the Chamber, and will M. Louis Marin in the Cabinet, support a bill which will obviously work for the Socialists? The answer is not doubtful. M. Marin will not countenance a so-called reform in the direction of "stinking pools." And if he walks out of the Cabinet it is only too clear that M. Poincaré will have to go out to. There's the rub.

* Next week, on account of Easter, the SATURDAY REVIEW will be on sale in London a day earlier than usual.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

April 4, 1927

IT appears that the last has now been heard of the proposal to legalize literary piracy in Ireland for the benefit of Irish printers. On March 11 an amendment to the Property (Protection) Bill was brought forward in the Senate by a Labour member, to the effect that copyright in any book, the author of which was a citizen of *Saorstat Eireann*, should be granted only on condition that the work was printed in the Irish Free State. This was a modification of the original suggestion to refuse copyright to any book, whatever the nationality of its author, that was not printed in this country. From the Irish, if not from the ethical, standpoint, however, the second proposal was worse than the first; both proposals, it seems, were contrary to the Berne Convention; but the second, if carried, would have encouraged Irish authors, especially the younger ones, to leave Ireland and take up citizenship elsewhere, in order to avoid financial ruin and a break with their publishers. The fact is that all our best-known authors publish in London; and it would not be in their power to compel their English publishers to take out Irish copyright for their books, by printing Irish editions, for the simple reason that the Irish market, even for the works of Irish writers, is a very small one. There were other conclusive arguments against the amendment which was finally withdrawn. Dr. W. B. Yeats cited the case of Irish scholars who are employed in contributing to works like the *'Encyclopædia Britannica'*. They would lose their employment since the editors and owners of such publications would object to being victims of Irish piracy. There is no reason why Dublin should not again be made a great publishing centre, as it once was; but confiscatory measures, costing us the good-will of men of letters and of publishers in other countries, are not likely to accomplish this desired end.

Dr. W. B. Yeats added that if the amendment were passed he would not himself leave Ireland, but would simply cross the border into Ulster, where he would become "exceedingly eloquent." We are accustomed to the emigration of our best people to England and the United States; but the idea of losing anything—even that which we do not fully appreciate—to Ulster, is still unpleasant to contemplate. The proposers in hastily withdrawing their amendment explained that they had not realized its significance.

We are still not without hope that the late Sir Hugh Lane's French pictures may be returned to Ireland; and it has been decided to proceed with the building of a suitable gallery for their reception. The codicil by which the pictures were bequeathed to the municipality of Dublin was, it will be remembered, technically invalid; and the committee set up by the British Government to report on Lane's intentions, decided that the pictures must remain with the Trustees of the National Gallery in London to whom they were confided in the body of the Will. The case for their detention in England rested chiefly on the grounds that it would be undesirable to legalize an unwitnessed codicil by Act of Parliament. One of the conditions of the Irish codicil was that a suitable gallery should be provided in Dublin for the gift, but it is only now, after hearing that the codicil is to remain inoperative and after deciding not to accept the suggested compromise of a loan of the pictures from the British Trustees, that we decide to build a gallery. Dean Swift's jest comes to mind:

When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

However, as I say, it is still hoped that the Trustees of the National Gallery will accede to the Irish demand, and give the pictures unconditionally to Dublin. Is not Lord Carson himself, not to mention the *Daily Mail*, on our side in the matter? In any event, we have, apart from the disputed pictures, already a fine collection of modern European art, much of it brought together by Lane himself in the early years of the century. The house in Harcourt Street, in which this collection is lodged, though a very beautiful house, is unsuitable for a gallery, so that the erection of a new building cannot be labour lost.

This matter in a minor degree, sport and other forms of amusement in a major degree, occupy our attention, and politics are relegated to the background. Games, including even cricket, are becoming increasingly popular in Ireland, and the Rugby Union draws larger crowds to its fixtures than any other institution in Ireland, except the Royal Dublin Society. This is in the teeth of the opposition of the Gaelic Athletic Association, which excommunicates those of its members who play or attend at "foreign" games. The G.A.A. promotes a Gaelic form of football and also the ancient Hurling, a noble game the policies of which, as an old English writer observed, resemble the feats of war. The fixtures of the G.A.A. also draw large concourses, so that it seems there is room in Ireland for both foreign and native games. Until lately, the playing of Rugby football was mainly confined to the Anglo-Irish; "fourteen Protestants and a Jew," said an old farmer who was asked to rejoice at the victory of the Irish XV in an international contest, "and you call that Ireland!" But in the team which has just vanquished Wales in Dublin, several of the names were as racy of the soil as any farmer could desire.

The late Lord Salisbury once remarked that what the Irish people wanted was not Home Rule but a circus. Now we find the Irish Bishops deplored in their *Pastorals*, the "craze" of their people for "amusement" and "excitement" as though this were a new thing. At one time we found a great deal of amusement in politics, and probably Lord Salisbury when he made the remark just cited, meant that an Irish Parliament would resemble a circus; if so, he prophesied badly. The Puritanism of early Sinn Fein survives among the politicians in power, who seem to cultivate the dry and the drab, have a taste for the dull details of administration and a quite English aversion from rhetorics. Nothing could be more sedate than the ordinary proceedings in the *Dail*. One of the first acts of our young Government was to abolish the Lord Mayor, always a picturesque figure, and for the Corporation, which was a kind of circus, two anonymous but efficient Commissioners were substituted. No one wants the Corporation back, for our Fascist commissioners have reduced the rates, and also have enormously improved the appearance of the city. Nevertheless, the dictatorship, which is now our Government, would be the better if it were veiled with a little colour. Irish leaders in the past, like Grattan, Flood and O'Connell, were able to divert a whole people with their eloquence. The times seem ripe for a revival of Irish oratory.

THIS GENTLEMAN BUSINESS

IT is astonishing how impossible it is to be certain about anything—truth, justice, immortality, your size in gloves. Take, for example, the old difficulty of defining a gentleman. A gentleman has been defined, among a number of ways, as one who is never unintentionally rude. But is a gentleman—a real gentleman, I mean (Real? What is Reality?) not one of your blonde-preferring sort—ever intentionally

rude? I had thought not, until to-day; but I was wrong. My notion of a gentleman was deplorable.

I understand now why Fundamentalists object to Evolution. It is not because they consider it wicked, but because they consider it inconvenient; it destroys their peace of mind, upsets their comfortable after-Sunday-dinner feeling. Unlike the old woman in the workhouse, the Fundamentalist never sits and thinks; he just sits. And so it was, till yesterday, with me. Where behaviour was concerned I was a Fundamentalist; I just sat; enthroned, as I believed, on eternal verity. I supposed, blind, ignorant fool that I was, that I had seen the light; I even imagined—God help me!—that I might myself be one of the Chosen Few. And then, like a Tennessee school teacher blundering on the 'Origin of Species,' I came across two Guides to Etiquette. Since when, the devil of doubt has been busy in my heart and in my wardrobe. He sits upon my shoulder when I shave, grinning hideously at me from the mirror (see "Moustache and Beard, Length of the"), jumps at me from the drawer when I select my cravat (always a cravat, please: gentlemen wear nothing so vulgar as a tie); leers at me when I help myself to mustard.

Awake, in dreams, thou springest to waylay,
And should I dare to die I know full well
Whose voice would mock me in the mourning bell,
Whose face would greet me in Hell's fiery way!

Henceforth I am riven with speculation.

Alas, about the books which have caused all the trouble there is nothing but glorious certainty. Their authors are never in two minds about what is—as they might say—*de rigueur*. One is an old book: it gives no positive date, but it refers to the French Emperor's whiskers. The other is modern, a kind of Revised Book or Alternative Use. It is named, simply, 'Etiquette, a Guide to Public and Social Life,'* but the older volume is more explicit. 'The Habits of Good Society,'† it is called, "A Handbook of Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen. With Thoughts, Hints, and Anecdotes concerning Social Observances; Nice Points of Taste and Good Manners; and the Art of Making Oneself Agreeable. The whole interspersed with Humorous Illustrations of Social Predicaments; Remarks on the History and Changes of Fashion; and the Differences of English and Continental Etiquette." There you have it in a nutshell. After reading such a book, you will say (and the other is hardly less comprehensive) there can no longer be any room for doubt. Can there not? From the very beginning you are thrown into a veritable turmoil of apprehension. "'Manners,' it is very certain, 'maketh man' over and over again" says the author of 'Etiquette' (hereinafter to be called N. S., the older one, O. S.). But if you were brought up, as I was, to believe in the doctrine "once a gentleman always a gentleman," you find yourself at an immediate disadvantage; nowadays, it seems, we must allow for wear and tear. Before you have read very far a hundred doubts will assail you, battering down your confidence, shattering your self-esteem. "Notepaper," writes your tormentor (N. S.) "like sporting tailor-mades, is emphatically to be obtained from a firm of unquestioned supremacy." You have a suspicion, have you not, that a Duke of the Royal Blood might question the supremacy of the little stationer's where you buy your notepaper? Already you feel anything but a gentleman. Or take a question which is admittedly one of first principle, that of serving the soup. "Soup is helped with a ladle. Take care that the servant holds the plate close to the tureen, and distribute one ladleful to each person." (O. S.). Are not shame and humiliation upon you? Your guilty secret is written on your face. A ladleful-and-a-half? My dear Sir! You are little better than a dustman!

* 'Etiquette: A Guide to Social and Public Life.' By Mrs. Massey Lyon. Cassell. 21s.

† 'The Habits of Good Society.' London: James Hogg & Son.

But stay—are you the sort of person who, had you the opportunity, would ask Shakespeare to dine with you? Can you be morally certain that you are not? "The men of genius," I read (O. S.), "are rarely gifted with social qualities . . . If Shakespeare were alive, and I acquainted with him, I would not ask him to an evening party." Now, perhaps, you will understand how contemptible you are. In railway carriages you will henceforth hide behind your newspaper (is it a really nice newspaper?), on bus-tops you will wear a hunted look. "You see that man in the corner?" in fancy you will hear people say, "he's the cad, who last week asked a poet to luncheon."

Or, to return to first things, your bath. Unless I am much mistaken, all your illusions about your birth and breeding are about to be finally washed away. "The question now arises, what kind of bath is best?" (O. S.) The author proceeds to consider various kinds, few of which—I admit it with a blush—I myself employ: "champagne, milk, mud, snake, and other baths." (Fancy! The fellow has never had a snake bath!) Till yesterday you have enjoyed your bath? You shall not enjoy it to-morrow:

Taking the sponge bath as the best for ordinary purposes, we must point out some rules in its use. The sponge being nearly a foot in length, and six inches broad, must be allowed to fill completely with water, and the part of the body which should be first attacked is the stomach. It is there that the most heat has collected during the night, and the application of cold water quickens the circulation at once, and sends the blood which has been employed in digestion round the whole body. The head should next be sooused, unless the person be of full habit, when the head should be attacked before the feet touch the cold water at all. [O. S.]

I see you tremble: that healthy glow gives way to pallor. You are guilty of one of the worst crimes a man of honour can commit, for, after cheating at cards, cheating at your bath is the most heinous of social villanies, and you have committed flagrant breaches of the rules. Your sponge, to begin with, is an inch too narrow, and quite disgracefully short. And your stomach—(Forgive me, dear Sir, we are all, by now disillusioned. I had fondly imagined gentlemen had no stomachs. "Habdomen! Habdomen!" said the sergeant to the private on sick parade, who complained of pain, "it is only officers as 'habdomens.'") To return, then, to your stomach. I put it to you as man to man—I wish I could say as gentleman to gentleman: *Do you apply the sponge to it first, or have you been in the habit of allowing the water previously to touch your face?*

Your mortification is not relieved by the discovery that Gentlemanliness and Godliness are synonymous. Christianity and High Life are at one. "The great law which distinguishes Christianity from every other creed, that of brotherly love and self-denial, is essentially the law which we find at the basis of all social observances." It is only by an oversight, one feels, that no instructions are here included as to how a gentleman should comport himself at the Last Trump. "The next duty, then, must be to clean the TEETH" (O. S.). "If I may not say that it is a Christian duty to keep your teeth clean, I may at least remind you that you cannot be thoroughly agreeable without doing so," and the author goes on to warn young women that men woo with their eyes, "and perhaps I may add with their noses," which suggests a new motto for young men in search of rich heiresses: Never look a gift-horse in the mouth.

It is not my fault, I plead, if this survey has degenerated into farce. I fear it has made fools of us all. Before I leave you to your humiliation, I will ask but one more question. "Distinguished foreigners," says our tormentor (O. S.), "if they are clean . . . may be very desirable, but your guests will often suspect them, and their names must be known in England to make them desirable in any point of view." Now, Sir, do you know any clean foreigners? Answer me that, as an Englishman and a Gentleman.

THE SUPERIOR PERSIAN

BY GERALD GOULD

THE telephone-bell rang, and a voice, bearing one of the oldest names in England, but mitigated by a foreign accent, invited me out of the infinite to buy a Persian rug. It—the voice—was only temporarily in this island; it possessed Persian rugs in great variety; to take them to another country would involve the payment of custom-dues; the voice was therefore prepared to part with them at a sacrifice. And it had been informed, said the voice, that I was a connoisseur in Persian rugs.

How idle a thing is the vanity of the human heart! Actually, I felt complimented. There was being attributed to me, by somebody I did not know, a knowledge which I quite desperately do not possess; and yet I smirked with gratification into the telephone. I suppose there is nobody, from Khorassan to Kidderminster, who knows less about Persian rugs than I do; and assuredly my adulator's purity of motive was a dubious thing; but, for one rich moment, I saw myself a connoisseur. "And so," as the literary lady in the wig said to Martin Chuzzlewit, "the vision fadeth." I denied the soft impeachment, laid off the flattering unction from my soul, and replaced the receiver, murmuring:

O stranger, shall I call thee Kurd,
Or but a wandering voice?

I should have been more nearly equal to the situation—to all situations—if only I had not previously neglected my opportunities. Dimly I remember reading a controversy between Mr. Clive Bell and Mr. Randall Davies about Persian rugs. (Or stay: was it not perhaps about Turkey carpets? Anyhow, some kind of oriental soft goods.) Dimly I seem to remember that one of these authorities said the soft goods were always meant to be laid upon the floor, and the other said they were sometimes meant to be hung upon the wall; but which was which I cannot remember, and which was right I never knew. Now, had I but stored up some fragment of that argument, had I retained but one smallest odd-or-end of knowledge, how I could have surprised the voice by taking it at its word! Many a man enjoys a reputation for omniscience through having snapped up, and stored, a trifle unconsidered at the time. "Well," I should have said to the voice, "speaking as one connoisseur to another . . ." And then something about dynasties or durability. Perhaps, however, it is better as it is. Had we once got talking frankly, as larynx to larynx, the voice might have succeeded in selling me a rug. And therewith, not impossibly, a pup.

All the same, I should like to be a connoisseur. I should like to collect something. I have never collected anything, not even stamps or coins or the eggs of birds. I have never been able to stand back from a salt-cellars or a snuff-box, head on one side, eyes half-closed, while I whispered: "Now, that's a nice little bit. Picked it up at the Caledonian Market for a song." I have never had either the money or the brains. (But money is not really necessary, if one's brains are good enough. Collectors have often told me so themselves.)

Connoisseurs' pride is no mere vulgar wallowing in material possession. It is the pride of the scholar, the exquisite consciousness of being in the know. Personally, I keep a special expression (dear reader, have you never done the same?) for Bloomsbury and places where they talk. I do not understand a single word they say, but much can be done by silence, if it is coupled with the authentic suggestion of "I could an I would." Lots of people seem to believe that one *really* could. They are, I hope, the more deceived; maybe they are only civil.

There is one thing, anyhow, to be said for the passage of time. In this matter of knowledge particularly, we come to hearken to the word of which Swinburne wrote:

The kind wise word that falls from years that fall—
"Hope thou not much, and fear thou not at all."

At ten, one hopes to know everything: at twenty, one hopes to know a great deal, and fears one won't: at thirty, one fears one will never know anything: at forty, one knows nothing, and doesn't care. But one does not quite—not *quite*, perhaps, at any age—give up pretending.

The voice, I suppose, will never speak to me again. Perhaps it was working through the telephone directory, attributing to everybody that bright crown of special scholarship. Perhaps it got some subscribers on toast, and so ultimately on the carpet, or the rug. Or perhaps no vanity, no cupidity, was sufficiently tickled for a purchase, and the voice retreated disconsolate and unappeased to its native haunts, whose names are the lovelier for being unknown. Every subject, but geography most of all, must suffer diminution by acquaintance. How miserable it is to find annotation busy with:

Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.

Another difference, mark you, between ten years old and forty! One learns that knowledge, which used to seem all expansion, can insufferably contract.

The most intimidating and disheartening discussion of knowledge, its necessity and acquirement, is by Milton, who was as much at home with Minerva as with Bayona. He defines a complete and generous education as "that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." He adds that this may be done "between twelve and one and twenty." Before twelve, one presumes, ignorance is no great matter: after twenty-one, it is invincible.

But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

The amount of talking, and the amount of use, to be crammed into nine years, strikes a chill to the modern Montessorian heart. Not but what modern practice may here owe something to ancient: for the rules of geometry might be taught, we read, "even playing, as the old manner was." The difficulties of Greek grammar being "soon overcome" (and "Why wouldn't they be?" said the Irishman), "all the historical physiology of Aristotle and Theophrastus are open." Of course, if you and I had any enthusiasm be-

tween twelve and twenty-one, it was for the historical physiology of Theophrastus. We are on more debatable ground with politics: it is essential to know "the beginning, end, and reasons of political societies." Nor is it till we are "perfect in the knowledge of personal duty" that we may "begin the study of economics." Some economists have certainly overlooked this.

But the really humiliating sentence is dropped in quite casually. "And either now, or before this, they may have easily learned, at any odd hour, the Italian tongue." One of these days I shall take twenty minutes off, and become a connoisseur in Persian rugs.

HATS

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

FOR the last twelve months I have been told that I ought to get a new one, and now I suppose the time has come. The one I have now is still what I should call serviceable, but if I were pressed—and lately the pressure has been constant—I should be compelled to admit that it has neither shape nor colour. It has been through innumerable downpours, has spent hours on luggage racks squashed under other people's suitcases, has been kicked about under miles of theatre seats, and time after time has been lost and found. I have known the time when it was stiff with ice and I have also known the time when it shaded my head from the tropical sun. It is a hat that has served me nobly, and if only I were allowed to look for another one exactly like it, all would be well. But the order has gone forth that I must get a new hat that will be quite unlike the old one; I must get a "decent hat." Now the problem is, where am I going to find this decent hat? I cannot wear a cap because—I am told—it makes me look like a ruffian, or, to be more exact, like a member of one of the more disreputable race-gangs. A bowler is unthinkable: it would turn me into a comedian, and a comedian with an aching head. The straw hat appears to have vanished from the brows of men and it never was a hat for me. (I used to know a man who wore one all the year round. What's become of him? What becomes of all the queer people we know when we are young?) Obviously I cannot go about for ever wearing a topper, though the notion is by no means unattractive. The panama and the deerstalker are not my style, and the sun helmet, the turban, the Glengarry, and the fez would all demand more courage in the wearer than I can supply. There remains nothing but the common soft felt hat.

Well, then, I hear you exclaim, there are plenty of them about: go and buy one; or, as one or two of my colleagues here, I regret to say, might put it: buy one and have Dunn with it. The trouble is, however, that I am a man not easily hatted. Indeed, so far as my head is concerned, the times are out of joint. In another age, when men wore flat velvet caps or three-cornered hats or chimney pots, I might have been able to walk into the nearest shop and discover what I wanted; but in

these days there is nothing that will be exactly right and the best I can hope for is a poor compromise. My present hat is a compromise and if I depart from it I must necessarily fall into absurdity, yet I am commanded not to buy another like it. One does not even receive any help from the papers nowadays. What has become of all those grave and fastidious gentlemen who used to write on men's fashions, the Majors and Barons of yesterday? I can remember reading them and enjoying them even when I was a boy and did not care how I was dressed. I think I must have enjoyed the atmosphere they created. "A black tie with small red spots," they would tell us, "is being worn with the lounge suit this season." And then again: "The lapel is smaller than ever and breast pockets are being introduced once more." Ah!—the Majors and the Barons. Their world came crashing down, and we sit in its ruins crying, Where be your red spots and your lapels now?

There are, roughly, three kinds of hats: the common English hat, which has a narrow brim, the wide-brimmed Latin hat, and the wide-brimmed American one. Now the ordinary English one does not suit me at all. Its brim is so small that my face seems to bulge out underneath it, and I look like a man who is about to sing a comic song. I have tried on dozens of these hats (staring at myself in those sickeningly well-lighted mirrors that the hatters provide) and the only difficulty I have had has been in deciding which one was the most ridiculous. I have tried to obtain the requisite width of brim by taking the very largest hat in the shop (I take a large size anyhow) and putting paper inside the leather band so that the hat would not slip down over my ears; but that would not work because the crown looked too big and the brim still looked too small. I have gone to the other extreme and bought hats with enormous brims, hats from the ends of the earth. These hats did not make me look absurd, they simply transformed me into another and very different kind of person. As soon as I clapped my hat on, I felt like a man at a masquerade, and as I walked about the streets peering out from under these verandahs of stuff I wanted to explain to everybody I met that I was not the creature I seemed. My one desire is to escape notice, to have enough brim to pass me in the crowd, but as soon as I escape from the miserable inch or so of felt that our own hatters give us, I find that I have to turn myself into a wildly picturesque person. There was a brief season during which I walked about looking like the Sheriff of Rising Star, Texas, the rough fellow of the big open spaces with the heart of gold; and small boys nudged one another when I passed.

I have had an adventure with the enormous Latin hat. An artist I know once returned from Italy with the very largest black felt hat I have ever seen outside the theatre and the pictures. This colossal sombrero was a present for me. He insisted upon my wearing it and he assured me that I had found at last the perfect hat. For one week I wore it, made my plans and dreamed my day-dreams in its vast shade, but I knew from the first that my friend was wrong and that I was making a mistake. It was a hat for conspiracies in the little café just off the Plaza, for a grand passion among the orange trees. It was a hat for

non-representational art or expressionist drama, for a brand new theory of æsthetics, for the worship of the latest foreign fraud. It was a hat for an Aldous Huxley character, one of those descendants of *Le Neveu de Rameau*, and perhaps if I had worn it for about twelve months I should have begun to imitate these queer beings and should have passed my time between pessimistic philosophizing and cool and casual fornication. But it was not a hat for me. If I had worn a false beard, I could not have felt more uncomfortable. It was a relief to be hatless and to discover oneself again. How long I should have worn it, if the decision had been left with me, I cannot say; not long, I imagine; perhaps another week at the most. It chanced, however, that fate itself intervened. So far as I am concerned, that hat came to a sudden, a most unexpected, a really fantastic end. It was blown into the Thames. I was making my way across London Bridge one Sunday morning, having a train to catch at the station across the river, and there happened to be a lively breeze blowing downstream. That enormous spread of light felt was a temptation to every passing wind, and I was always compelled to hold it down. But when I was about halfway across, I heard the sound of martial music behind me, and turned to see two companies of Territorials marching past. I was so interested that I forgot to keep hold of my hat; there came a sharp little gust; and the next moment I looked down and saw my hat, like a great blackbird, half tumbling and half sailing down to the water. A rescue was impossible. There were no passing boats and nobody even noticed that my hat had gone. I have often wondered what became of it, for it was stoutly made and would certainly float, and somebody probably fished it out of the water.

Perhaps at this very moment it is swaggering down the main street of Singapore or Para. Perhaps some waterman found it and gave it to his girl. I hope so, for that was one advantage of the enormous wide-brimmed hats: they looked so becoming on women. During my well-brimmed days, I never found a hostess under forty who could resist the temptation of trying on my hat, and my hat always made them look charming, that is, even more charming than they usually look. My present hat, the one that has given me such good service, is not one of the Latin or American monsters, neither is it one of the common English variety. It might have been made, you might say, either at the extreme Eastern edge of the United States or at the extreme Western point of Ireland. It is, like so many good things, a compromise. It does not make me look like an English comedian, nor like the Sheriff of Rising Star, Texas; it hits a more or less happy mean, and merely makes me look like one of Pinkerton's men, the burly fellows who chew cigars in the background of so many scenes in the films. I do not mind this and consider that I am getting off lightly, but apparently some members of my family either do not understand my difficulties or are simply tired of me in the Pinkerton man part, for the fact remains that I am ordered to buy a new hat and it must be different from the present one. Who was it that first produced the simile "as mad as a hatter"? I wonder if it was an ancestor of mine.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

* The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

* Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

EDUCATING PUBLIC TASTE

SIR,—May I thank Mr. R. A. Walker for what he says about my letter to *The Times*, and, if you will allow me, carry the matter of it a little further?

The welfare of the arts of music and drama has, in England, long been officially ignored. No industry whose welfare was not held in contempt would ever have submitted to such a tax as the Entertainment Tax; crude in its incidence, taking no account of profit and loss, crushing, therefore, to enterprise and bearing most hardly upon disinterested enterprise. Such a tax, in the long run, was bound to favour a common well-marketed product as against work of quality. Hence, probably, half the troubles of the film industry, from which the Government (reaping their reward) are now compelled to seek a dubious escape. Hence we are looking to broadcasting to save symphonic music from extinction. But neither from science nor legislation is there any promise of help for the drama. Cause and effect in these matters are, of course, hard to determine. But even casual inquiry, when the tax was first considered, would have shown that good music and drama already lived within a bare margin of financial safety, and that a crude fiscal assault on them was bound to be disastrous. Even so, who would have cared? Even now, who cares?

But the Entertainment Tax is not going to be given up yet awhile, be it never so inequitable. And I fear that a demand for five per cent. of it as a subsidy for good music and drama would not be smiled upon—or rather, *would* be smiled upon. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer might be asked to consider the remittance or return of the tax to non-profit-seeking enterprises, i.e., to enterprises which, after paying three or four per cent. interest on their capital, devote the rest of their profit (if any!) to the improvement and extension of their work. This, no doubt, is suspiciously like a subsidy: but the horrid word can be avoided. How much he would lose by this act of grace I cannot pretend to say. Probably not more than he might gain by extracting income tax from the large sums now being earned in England by American novelists and dramatists; all English earnings are so taxed in America. He need not fear, at any rate, that the whole musical and dramatic industry would immediately turn altruistic. A similar suggestion was made, I fancy, during last year's Budget debates for the benefiting of "charity" performances. A little beneficence to art itself might be accounted statesmanlike.

And if beneficence cannot be looked for (this year, at least, Mr. Churchill would surely be bound to say no), why not a little benevolence? Why must these two arts of music and drama be always treated to a blank official stare? It seems like Philistinism. Well, it is Philistinism in the sense that such imponderables are not held to rank beside idols of silver and gold—and steel. But it has, I believe, a more immediate cause in the nervous dread proper to a middle-class, post-1832 Parliament, and reflected in its Ministers, of being mixed up with anything so eccentric as art, above all with anything so questionably reputable as music or drama. Those generations of thought have now done their best—and their worst—for England; we have absorbed their virtues, it is time we shook free of their foolishness. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Churchill, and Lord Eustace Percy are

not personally Philistines. Would not this be a good time for them to readjust their traditional official attitudes? For, with the country's finances in such a state, nobody expects them to do anything for the less reputable arts. They would be quite safe in expressing an official opinion that it really is better for a country to have a little good music and drama to set beside the inevitable mass of the bad. This opinion might spread, might become a doctrine. And—who knows?—when the present generation of musicians and workers for the drama are dead or done for (and they themselves are safe in the House of Lords) some Chancellor of the Exchequer might go so far, not, of course, as to help, but at least to take his fingers from the throat of the struggling innocents.

Perhaps some young Tory may think it worth while to give Mr. Churchill this chance during the coming Budget debates. Liberals and Labour members, please avoid the subject. For if it becomes a party question, and an *unimportant* party question, then, indeed, all is lost.

I am, etc.,

HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER

PATER

SIR,—“Stet,” in his penetrative appreciation of Pater that appeared in your last issue (‘Back Numbers—XVII’), when introducing the much-pondered consideration of the origins of Pater’s prose, does not remember that they “have been investigated very closely”; and proceeds to make some very interesting yet partially questionable suggestions. These origins have often been discussed, but it is doubtful that they have been investigated closely, which may account for “Stet” not remembering.

Pater’s style, like all individual and highly cultured styles, was, of course, formed eclectically; but the main elements of its eclecticism are still sufficiently uncertain to engage the speculations of students. “Stet” shrewdly suggests the influences of the prose of Swinburne’s notes on the drawings by old masters at Florence, and of that of Rossetti’s ‘Hand and Soul.’ The influence of the pictorial quality of Rossetti’s poetry and prose on those influenced by the Pre-Raphaelites, among whom Pater was one, has often been noted; but there, I think, with regard to Pater, the influence ends. The influence of Swinburne’s prose on Pater, however, has not often been noticed. Once from no less interesting source than Rossetti himself. In a letter to Swinburne in 1869 (published for the first time in *The Times Literary Supplement* about five years ago), Rossetti draws Swinburne’s attention to the fine thing that Pater has done on Leonardo da Vinci in the *Fortnightly Review*, and adds that he perceives something of Swinburne’s style in it. This was written, it must be remembered, during the period of Rossetti’s intense admiration of Swinburne’s capacities, and its import must not be carried too far.

For, after all, Pater’s prose is a stronger and finer creation than Swinburne’s, with a far more mature marriage of word and thought. Swinburne, like Shelley, was too often verbose, and, as Stevenson said of Macaulay, his words “glide from the memory like undistinguished elements in a general effect.” Pater’s words, on the contrary, though flowing smoothly, have an arresting power like Carlyle’s, that surprise with an unfamiliar pregnancy of meaning. De Quincey and Ruskin are sometimes cited as influences (see A. C. Benson’s biography, for example), but their rich profuse language is surely antithetical to the severe restraint of Pater, though the value they sometimes give to words often suggests similarities. What, then, are the origins of the quality for which Pater’s prose is pre-eminently distinguished above that of other writers: the unique achievement of loading every rift with ore (though perhaps, sometimes loading too heavily) and combining this with a severe ascetic restraint?

The early extensive browsings in Coleridge (the subject of his first published essay) and the early translations for exercise of Flaubert are, I think, mainly responsible for this combination. The influence of Flaubert, on whom Pater dwells at length in his famous essay on style, has often been indiscriminately noted. The rhythmical subtleties and beauties of their styles have an obvious kinship, and the scrupulous removal of the dust of fine and intricate workmanship, and the ascetic refusal of alluring yet distracting metaphors and similes Pater learnt from Flaubert. Yet Flaubert’s words do not arrest like Pater’s, but rather glide from the memory like Shelley’s. The arresting power of Pater’s words, the faculty he had of making them so pregnant with meaning, is inspired, I think, by Coleridge more than by any other. Coleridge had this faculty to a marked degree. Few have rivalled his astonishing power of throwing a light on an abstruse metaphysical speculation by a few words felicitously introduced. It is surprising that those who speak of De Quincey’s influence on Pater should not have gone further back to one who was, to no small extent, De Quincey’s master.

I am, etc.,

ARNOLD WHITTICK

Grenville House,
Brunswick Square, W.C.1

THE UNSCIENTIFIC REFORMER

SIR,—Your issue of the 2nd inst. contained under the above heading a review of my book, ‘Good Health and Happiness—A New Science of Health,’ just published. Your reviewer, I am sorry to say, has found nothing but fault with my work. He “proved” the unsatisfactory character of the book by giving from it a single quotation which, as he writes, is taken “from a previous work written by himself entitled ‘Essential Facts About Cancer: A Handbook for the Medical Profession.’” Your reviewer quotes from the book mentioned the phrase: “Cancer is primarily a disease of civilized peoples, for it is rarely found among our native races.”

As I am not a medical man and as I am domiciled in England, your reviewer ought to have realized that I could not have written ‘A Handbook for the Medical Profession,’ and that I could not have written about “our” native races. As a matter of fact, ‘Essential Facts about Cancer’ is not an amateurish compilation of a layman, but is the most authoritative handbook on cancer published in the United States by the American Society for the Control of Cancer, under the direction of the most eminent cancer authorities, Dr. R. B. Greenough, Director Harvard Cancer Commission; Dr. James Ewing, Director of Cancer Research, and Dr. J. M. Wainwright, Chairman, Cancer Commission.

Your reviewer, after having attributed to me the sentence mentioned above, shows my utter incompetence by contemptuously disproving it. He writes: “Here is a generalization which will cause medical men, and indeed should cause all thoughtful readers, to doubt the value of Mr. Barker’s guidance. Mr. Barker does not know, etc., etc.” Perhaps your reviewer would have been a little less contemptuous had he realized that he was criticizing not a mere layman, but the highest cancer authorities in the United States.

In a column and a half of unfavourable and distinctly unfriendly criticism, there are only two facts on which that criticism is based. The one is the absurd misquotation which I have pointed out, and the other is the fact that I am a layman. To the latter accusation I plead guilty. I am not a medical man, but then I have the satisfaction to know that all the most important medical discoveries without exception were made by “mere laymen,” among them Pasteur and Metchnikoff, two chemists, who were

treated with the utmost contempt for many years by the medical profession, and who have created modern medicine and modern surgery. Without Pasteur there would have been no Lister.

I am, etc.,
J. ELLIS BARKER

Albion Lodge,
Fortis Green, N.2

[The assumption that Mr. Barker wrote the book he mentions was a natural one; to the three other works in the list he appends the names of the authors. Our reviewer regrets that he should have been misled, but finds his opinion is unaltered by learning that Mr. Barker did not write the words; it is the words and not their author that were under notice.—ED. S.R.]

SERVILITY AND CIVILITY

SIR,—Apropos the servant controversy, none of the letters and articles in the SATURDAY REVIEW seems to me to have gone straight to the core of the trouble.

I spent several years in domestic service and have listened with patience and tried hard to understand the grievances of both mistresses and maids. I concluded that the bitterest grievance of a domestic servant lies not with a modern mistress or master, but is due entirely to the snobbery of her own class.

When I was in service I was treated as a friend of the family, outside I was pitied openly because my parents were too poor to give me a profession. This crushing feeling of inferiority invariably makes a girl very discontented and unhappy, destroying at once all pleasure and pride in her work.

Nothing can be done to broaden the sympathies of the masses in this direction; therefore, until this imaginary stigma is lifted from domestic service by effectively grading servants according to their merits, no intelligent girl will choose domestic service as a livelihood.

I am, etc.,
"M"

SIR,—I suggest to Mr. Priestley that he spend twelve months in some spot in Industrial England. He will find civility almost without looking for it: he will come across very little servility. The iron-worker, the miner, the leather man is often unpolished; sometimes startlingly direct in his speech. Very seldom is he uncivil: almost never servile. He divides the employing people, the professional people, the more or less comfortable people, into two classes. He says of them either "E ain't eddicated," or "E's eddicated." The latter he will trust always; the former he has no use for. And he is right. It is all a question of approach. The "eddicated" man has no side: he knows how to get on terms with anyone. The man who "ain't eddicated" is never really at his ease. He, above all others, is the "class conscious" person.

In the country districts it is different.

God bless the Squire and his relations,
And keep us in our proper stations,

is no longer an inspiration; but it is a point of view not yet forgotten, and certainly not forgiven. Class consciousness is far more prevalent in country districts than it is in towns; and it is due, very largely, to shyness. The people in the Big House are shy of the cottage folk; the cottage folk are shy of the Big House people; and, being shy, both parties are suspicious.

In the towns, particularly the industrial towns, everything is different. People know one another so very much better: they understand one another's point of view. I number among my friends an employer of labour, for many years an Alderman of his borough, who never has had any serious trouble at his factory. Whenever he had a disagreement with a workman he

wasted no time in argument. He just took off his coat and fought the man! A primitive method? Perhaps. But it worked. There was nothing servile about the workman who stood up to be bashed; and perhaps, for the moment, neither employer nor employed was conspicuously civil. But they understood one another. And that is just what people don't do in the country districts.

I am, etc.,
FRANK G. LAYTON

Walsall

[Many letters are held over owing to lack of space].

P'S AND Q'S

SIR,—In an Italian letter to Chieppio, the Duke of Mantua's Secretary, dated from Valladolid, May 24, 1603, and now in the Archivio Gonzaga (Codex Diplomaticus Rubenianus, Vol. I, p. 145) Rubens uses this quotation: "Pergimus pugnantia secum cornibus adversis componere."

In Cassell's Latin Dictionary, 1910, p. 114, the following quotation from Horace occurs under *Compono*: "Pergis pugnantia secum pontibus adversis componere."

Can any of your readers inform me exactly where this is to be found in Horace and whether there is any authority for Rubens's variant? I shall be grateful for any light thrown on the matter.

ANTHONY BERTRAM

SIR,—What is the origin of the phrase "Our incomparable liturgy," as applied to the liturgy of the Church of England?

E. M. DAWSON

SIR,—I am proposing to pay a short visit to the Fjords and other parts of Norway this summer, on one of the big steamship company's "cruises," and being anxious to take an intelligent interest in the country, as opposed to spending the time playing deck games or doing the Charleston, I should be glad if any of your readers could tell me of a concise and accurate History of Norway in English, suitable for perusal before and during the voyage. If several such works are available, perhaps the approximate price of each might be mentioned in the reply.

"GRANTHAM YORK"

LIVES OF EMINENT WOMEN

SIR,—"English Women in Life and Letters" Phillips and Tomlinson. Oxford University Press, in the preface of which are named other books.

J. PARSON

"HIS FATHER WRIT"

SIR,—The couplet referred to by your correspondent:

Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit,
is taken from the first of Edward Young's 'Epistles to Mr. Pope.'

A. WILLSON

"A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS"

SIR,—When I was at college I read somewhere, but cannot recollect in what book, that Louis XIV (Le Grand Monarque) was the first person to make use of the term "A Nation of Shopkeepers." He used it as descriptive of the Dutch (the Hollanders).

"TOURNEBROCHE"

MUSIC

A SCHOOL FOR OPERA-LOVERS

Cosi fan Tutte. By W. A. Mozart and Lorenzo da Ponte. Kingsway Theatre.

WONDERS, in the musical world of England, never cease! At the moment when the front line is in danger of breaking and when the defeatists are already predicting that the end is near, that Philistia will triumph, a handful of young men and women have taken their artistic lives between their hands and ventured all upon a "side-show," as they used to say during the war, with results so astonishing as to be hardly credible. If one may compare lesser with greater events, the production of 'Cosi fan Tutte, or The School for Lovers,' at the Kingsway Theatre, ought to have a bracing effect upon the *moral* of the English musical public similar to that which was produced by the gallant affair at Zeebrugge in the disastrous days of nine years ago. The true significance of the event lies not merely in the fact that the production for a run of a classic opera, quite unknown to the London public, is in itself almost unique, but also in the fact that it has been financed entirely by the singers themselves and a small body of personal friends. Although it is true that the thing would have been impossible without a more substantial backing, but for the work of Dr. Napier Miles at Bristol, where the opera was given last autumn, and the generosity of Sir Barry Jackson, who lent the Kingsway Theatre, the greater part of the credit must go to the artists who had sufficient confidence in the work, in themselves and in the public—despite all the omens to the contrary—to risk more than any of them could afford to lose upon a venture of a kind which has too often proved disastrous to commercial managers. They have met with the success they deserve, and when the original period of three weeks ends next Saturday, 'Cosi fan Tutte' is to be transferred to the Court Theatre, where it should settle down to a comfortable run.

The important thing, however, for the future of opera in England is not how long that run may last, but what use is to be made in the future of this able company of enthusiastic musicians. Let there be no mistake about it. These are not amiable amateurs, for whom allowances must be made. As a team they are quite first rate and in a small theatre their shortcomings, here and there, on the vocal side are amply out-balanced by the excellent *ensemble* and the high standard of their singing. They have achieved also a definite style in acting and in the general production of the opera, which not only brings out to the full its immensely amusing qualities, but is as English in manner as the performance, no less excellent in its own way, which I saw at Munich some years ago was German. The ladies in the piece have become inhabitants of some English Cathedral Close, the gentlemen subalterns in a British regiment stationed in the barracks near by. This transformation is all to the good, because persons of one nationality can never really enter into the idiosyncrasies of those of another, and it has been the bane of most English operatic companies that they have attempted to imitate the native manner of presenting the foreign works they produce, instead of working out their salvation along lines of their own. The problem is admittedly difficult, when English singers are confronted, to take an example, with the music of Verdi. Yet it was no less insuperable, to all appearance, in the case of Mozart until Professor Dent and Mr. Clive Carey showed at the "Old Vic" that it could be solved. Mr. Johnstone Douglas has been even more successful with 'Cosi fan Tutte.' If foreign operas are to appeal to the general public here, they must be made intelligible to the ordinary man who

knows nothing of alien traditions and ways of living. The chief requisites are good translations into language which does not make the singers ridiculous; clear diction so that the audience may know what is going on; and acting and production of a kind which will make the action and the characters intelligible and human, so that they will belong to the world of which we all have some experience.

These requirements are amply fulfilled by the company at the Kingsway Theatre. The acting there is based upon our best English traditions and, in one or two instances, rises to great heights of *finesse*. Miss Edith Evans herself could not pour out a cup of tea with more meaning than does Miss Louise Trenton, when Fiordiligi sweetens her sister's temper with lumps of sugar. That is a kind of subtlety unknown in Munich. The extravagant plot, treated with a perfectly serious extravagance, sinks into its proper place as the background against which the human puppets caper for our amusement. We can swallow the absurdity of the story, which kept 'Cosi fan tutte' for so long out of the opera-houses, once it is accepted as a convention for the satirical display of human frailties. The great merit of this production is that it gives us, besides an excellent musical performance, the full individuality of the characters invented by da Ponte and brought to life by Mozart. No one who has visited the Kingsway Theatre can any longer be under the delusion that the two ladies are characterless *prime donne* and the officers as like as two peas.

It will be a thousand pities if the company, which has proved so capable in this opera, should be allowed to disperse after the popularity of the piece is exhausted. We have always needed in London a small opera-house, where the lighter operas can be played in suitable surroundings and without the necessity of employing a large orchestra and expensive voices. Here, at last, are the people, or at least a nucleus of the people, to do it. There is no difficulty about a repertory. There is the rest of Mozart, there are a few operas by Rossini, and there are works by Purcell, by Handel, by contemporaries of Mozart, and, in our own time, by da Falla, Ravel and Vaughan Williams. The list might be extended, but that gives an indication of the type of work which cannot be satisfactorily presented in the huge surroundings of Covent Garden.

It must not, however, be imagined that all the difficulties, which have confronted opera-givers in the past, will be swept away by a momentary success. There are dangers, and the chief of them is the temptation, to which enthusiasts often succumb, of giving works which they happen to like themselves for other than purely musical reasons. For example, they may like the composer or, worse still, he may have some claim upon them. A strict determination only to do what is worth doing for its own sake, and not for any singer's or any conductor's or any composer's personal glory, must be the guiding spirit of such an enterprise. This company is probably as free as any can be of the mutual jealousies which are the bane of grand opera. They have a splendid team-spirit and each works for the whole and not for his or her own advancement. If that spirit can be maintained and combined with the determination not to swerve on any account, however laudable, from the high ideal with which their venture has begun, they may well make a name in musical history by establishing in this country a school of light opera. It is a form in which we as a nation have succeeded in the past, and there is no reason why we should not succeed again, if the megalomaniac tradition of grand opera, excellent in its place, can be broken down, and the shallow meretriciousness of commercial musical comedy replaced by something more worth while and infinitely more entertaining.

H.

THE THEATRE

WORLD, FLESH, AND DEVIL

By IVOR BROWN

Bert's Girl. By Elizabeth Baker. The Court Theatre.
The Dybbuk. By S. Ansky. The Royalty Theatre.

MISS BAKER, I must confess, had me prejudiced in her favour from the start. Her title was as democratic as a tipster's card: her scene was Fulham: her manager's press-agent had not informed the world that the dresses had been brought from Paris by aeroplane. There are certain kinds of programme which announce the worst with the cheerful abandon of an auctioneer. To glance at them during the overture is to be fore-bored, and to know all in these cases is to forgive nothing. Here are the same gay aristocrats, unfaithful to the death, the same patent-leather acting, unwrinkled by actuality, and the same strange universe in which there are no such things as petty cash, children, school-bills, measles, rain, drudgery and rate-collectors. These programmes, which are mainly a milliner's roll of honour, let me know that I am to spend my evening with my back to the stall, pinioned to the plush, fighting the good fight against the natural impulse to go and hide. These programmes, which tell us so much, would tell us all if only they would add to their catalogue of origins, "Plot by the Guild of Adulterers. Epigrams by Wilde. Applause by the Friends of the Family." Miss Baker's programme was not at all like that.

We are at the home of Mrs. Walters in Fulham. Mrs. Walters has had issue, Bert, Basil, Iris. Basil is a member of that clerky company which affects "plus fours" for leisure wear. He has married a lady whose soul has been plastic under the creative hand of the Photo Press. Iris is a baggage who snaps at her mother and titters at her intended, Mr. Edgar Tatt. Mr. Tatt's wooing moves at the giggle. Mrs. Tatt, his mother, beams and bores and is as arch a harridan as ever sniggered over the more obvious manifestations of the Life Force. Bert has been courting a girl in Margate and there is a party to greet the young lady. She is dragged into this palace of the pert and the smart, and a drab specimen of innocence she seems. But Bert is a lad. He will pull her through. Under his coaching Bert's girl will graduate in the fine shades of Fulham's gaiety.

But the Walters have an ogre in the cupboard. Uncle Martin lives upstairs and his gods are not of Fulham. He is a treasure-hunter whose bullion is fashioned in stone and china and bronze. Having made his collector's hobby pay, he owns the house and has the noisy vulgarians below in his power. Ugly himself, he worships what he lacks, beauty, and in Bert's girl he sees beauty to be saved. He declares war on Nature, if indeed it is natural that Bert should have this girl. She responds to Uncle Martin's treatment, enjoys the hospitality of his room, and appreciates the company of Greek gods in place of aspidistras. Then Uncle Martin proceeds from fair competition with Bert to foul play. Finding the odious youth in a fuddled condition he gives him enough whisky to intoxicate a battalion and displays the unlovely carcass to Bert's girl with the intended results. It is a poor argument, but it wins.

Miss Baker has been hampered by the inevitable limitations of the theatre. In order to display the vulgarity of the Walters' breed she has laid it on with a trowel in each hand. They are not a little too bad to be true. On the other hand the savagery of the attack is suited by dramatic presentation and the Walterian revelry is fresh as well as forcible, amusing

as well as outrageous. The conversion of Bert's girl from baffled astonishment at this great, gay world (she had hitherto been the humblest of grocers' cashiers) through passive dislike to active revolt can hardly be stated on the stage. It would have been a thing of unhappy meditations, bad nights, degrees of distaste and gradual insurgencies of disgust. But the theatre forbids and demands the drastic scene. Hence the drinking episode which, in fact, proves nothing against Bert since he was here more the victim than the villain. None the less this play is a great relief. The satire on suburban smartness may be over-emphasized, but it is satire, it is relevant, and its hammer-blows come crashing down on a social reality. Moreover it is vivid and it entertains. Uncle Martin's part should be cut. He grumbles and guffaws on the verge of credibility and he raises the banner of the ideal with more of argument and assertion than is necessary. Mr. Julian D'Albie did not keep monotony at arm's length and Miss Dorothy Black, as his convert, was altogether too genteel and too noble from the start. In order to make the play plausible Bert's girl must be both the girl who would learn to loathe Bert and the girl who could once have loved him and have caught his roving eye. Miss Black's rendering was too pure and good to have been the daily food of any amorous Bert, even amid the more voluptuous suggestions of Margate in August. But let nobody be deterred from paying a call on the Walters. There is more native fun in their parlour than in any other theatre in London. Miss Minnie Rayner provides the bulk and big assemblage of vulgarity while Miss Nadine March is giving to that quality the edge of a knife. Mr. Henry Caine, Mr. Edward Chapman, and Mr. A. J. Denton are admirably employed in giving the masculine aspect of what Mr. Yellowplush called "lacy ally." Mr. Ayliff's production of a party at the Walters' is ruthless, and ruthlessness does not lack its appropriate reward. We laugh.

On reading 'The Dybbuk' I marked it down as first-rate material for a melancholy thesis upon "Religion as a Form of Self-Indulgence." Compared with all the jolly wrangling about the Prayer Book, which is now making our parsons so happy, the concentration of Channon on the Kabala, which he found much better reading than the Talmud, was hedonism unqualified. Inside the forbidden book were magic and ecstasies and raptures. While his colleagues in the synagogue at Brainitz were enjoying themselves with gossip or earning their beer-money by repeating psalms, he could set his fancy free to trespass among unlawful pages. Small wonder that his body became all air and fire. When sex collided with this perverse saintliness, to see was but to love, and to love was but to die. It was held by Kabalists of Brainitz in the eighteenth century that the souls of those who die with purpose unfulfilled become Dybbuks and pass into other bodies. So poor little Leah found herself invaded by Channon's personality and it needed full rabbinical authority to drive the parasite from the host. On this occasion the host determined that life without the parasite was empty and accordingly "passed over" to join him.

This play is too remote from experience to become authentic tragedy. Dybbuks, fondle them as we may, remain curios and the causes of curio-drama in others. 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth' are tragic despite their spooks and not because of them. Their survival is based upon mortality. The trouble about Ansky's play, at least in translation, is that its values are all spookish; the people are of no importance in themselves: Channon is no more than an awful warning to guilty readers nervously fingering the Kabala, while Leah is simply a vessel for the reception of the Dybbuk. There is probably a fine film latent in this play with its ghoulish apparatus and lack of any literary quality. Ample opportunities for spectacle abound, and the director could deal out Jewish ceremonial by

the platterful before he settled down to deal with the disembodied.

Mr. Robert Atkins, who produced the play for the Forum Theatre Guild, was handicapped by a small stage. The synagogue in the first act was not large enough to let Channon stand aloof and seem a lonely taster of those iniquities which are all the more appetizing because they are half holy. When he collapsed on the floor, the neglect of the crash seemed particularly odd. In the street scene the beggars conducted their macabre manœuvres with difficulty. The best effects were those where numbers were strictly limited and nothing so became the play as the ending of it when Channon and Leah were rapt into the void together.

Mr. Atkins had, of course, to train actors with no tradition in this kind of work and he could hardly achieve the rippling vitality of the Yiddish troupes. If all the players had been as expert as Miss Joan Pereira, his task would have been the easier. As it was he was well served by Mr. Ernest Milton, Mr. Frank Cochrane, and Mr. Michael Sherbrooke. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson justified expectation as Leah. Her acting had a clear-cut beauty; the tenderness of the early scenes was not matched by an equal power to terrify when she was called upon to be masculine and maniacal. None the less her appearance as the latter was magnificent and one felt that a Black Prince of darkness had suddenly swooped down from a drawing by William Blake.

LENTEN LILY

BY HAMISH MACLAREN

WHEN March winds waken
All the hollow land,
And the Piper has taken
His new reed in his hand

To flute at sunrise,
And at evening, till
Stars one by one rise
And shine over the hill—

And earth's are the bluebell
And the primrose pale—
Then at some new bell
That is heard in the gale,

One voice will answer—
But one will be mute :
And only one dancer
Will dance to Pan's flute.

Sweet, sweet by the river
Where that sorrow was,
In spring forever,
All out of green grass,

So tall, and so chilly
With dews by night shed
The Lenten Lily
Will lift her lovely head :

As one who was dearest,
And died long ago—
And still is fairest
Of all flowers that blow.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—58

SET BY J. C. SQUIRE

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a lyric of not more than 24 lines recording the habits and noises of the British quadrupeds in the manner of the "cuckoo, jug-jug, too-witta-woo" bird-poems of the Elizabethans.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a parody (not necessarily an extravagant burlesque, but a true parody of style) of part of a speech, not exceeding 500 words, by any living Front Bench politician at the dinner celebrating the opening of the £1,000,000 British Hollywood. Competitors must specify the politician whose style they are parodying.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 58, or LITERARY 58a).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the *first post* on Tuesday, April 19, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 56

SET BY ROBERT LYND

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for either (1) an invective against the Present Age, in not more than twenty lines, or (2) a short ode to a British snail.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a prose defence in 200 words of either (1) a miser compared to a spendthrift, or (2) a spendthrift compared to a miser.

We have received the following report from Mr. Robert Lynd, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. LYND

56A. In the present week's competitions more of the poets have found inspiration in the slowness of the snail than in the swiftness of the present age. The invective against the present age are scarcely bitter enough to do justice to the subject. Several of the competitors concentrate on such minor troubles as motor-cars and wireless. One of the best of them begins with conviction :

Though other ages have been pretty bad,
The present age is quite the worst we've had.
and ends on the petrol theme :

The birth-rate, neurasthenia, doctor's bills,
And all our other miscellaneous ills
Need for their cure nor pills, nor dope, nor dole,
But (pace Stopes) enlightened Bus Control.

Non Omnia begins in another temper :

O age of mass production, thou art damned !

Equally energetic is the line in L. L.'s indictment of the age :

They gew-gaws are but rancid muck.

Juvenal, I think, would have agreed with that.

Many competitors in their odes to the British snail have seen in the snail the emblem of all that was best in the peaceful pre-motor England that has vanished for ever. One of them, R. J. F., begins his panegyric :

Spirit Incarnate of Our Ancient Race,
Terrestrial Pneumonochlamydate (or snail),

Another begins, not less rapturously :

Slow-creeping, mollusc gastropod,
With eye-stalks retractile,
Hail, slimy one, to you this ode
I pen in odious style !

Terra exclaims :

Snail, then, I love you as a sedative
In this curst age that has gone mad on speed,
On cars which it is almost death to drive,
On jazz and cinema and hustling greed . . .

And the enthusiasm of other competitors may be measured by the frequency of such openings as :

All hail, O gastropod !

Even one of the few enemies of snails among the competitors who denounces the snail as "Animate viscosity" is compelled to admit the possibility that he is wrong and to concede the snail's point of view in the lines :

Though I doubt not in their features
Snails to snails are pleasing creatures.

Perhaps the happiest lines on the subject are those by H. C. M., who gets the First Prize for the following poem :

THE WINNING ENTRY

A shapely shell
Whose sinuous convolutions, rolled
Around its pearly spiral, swell
In ochre, brown and gold.

Inside, a dome
Of twilight shot with opal dyes,
Which Fancy fain would make the home
Of Fairy revelries.

And yet, 'tis true,
That fabric delicate and frail
Was fashioned purposely for you,
O fat and slimy snail.

H. C. M.

The Second Prize goes to E. M. Rutherford, who, though beginning a little faultily, expresses with energy the praise of a more slow-paced life than ours :

SECOND PRIZE

Inhabitant of ideal home, who shames
The Jerry Builder of the Bungalow,
Heed not the Fool of this crude age, who blames
Whatever moves at pace discreet and slow !
I seek thee where thy track was ever seen
—The stronghold of the thick box-border nigh . . .
There, the moss path is mark'd with silver sheen,
And well I know thou hast been passing by—

Passing, with crawl as measur'd as did pass
My British sires of former centuries,
With time to find the scents of ground and grass.
Our forebears' ways are not preserv'd as these !
We rush o'er all the Earth—and lose the sweet
Of the old gardens where they roamed of yore—
We trample down Life's flow'r's with hurrying feet ;
And our own strongholds know our race no more.

56b. Among the writers in defence of spendthrifts, or, alternatively, misers, the misers, I think, have

the better of the argument. Perhaps the defence of the spendthrift is easier than that of the miser, and so does not lead to the same ingenious sophistries. It is true that several competitors write of the spendthrift with immense gusto. One of them goes so far as to picture him as "Scattering his wealth, like sunshine, over everything." Another defends spendthrifts on the ground that the thrifty man in these days is a fool whose savings will probably be seized in the form of taxes by the next Government. On the whole, I think, the case for the miser is most concisely stated by Nyamok, who gets First Prize with the following appreciation :

THE WINNING ENTRY

I am not ambitious to share a miser's ménage. I freely grant the spendthrift, in his heyday, a cleaner house and a better table—usually at the expense of honest tradesmen, ruined by his bankruptcies. The miser, by nature a solitary, neither helps nor harms. He incurs no debts. He adds to his talent, while the spendthrift can show at the last only an empty napkin—unless that too has been taken with the rest in pledge.

A miser can justly boast self-denial :

A hermit would not miss
Canonization for the self-same cause.

He has the collector's passion. You admire the enthusiast who sells his waistcoat to add a rare coin to his collection : why condemn another, because his coin happens to be current ?

Economy is now the national watchword. Daniel Dancer, dining on cold dumpling, would have been a war-time patriot. His life-history would appear on Food Control handbills. He could hardly have escaped the O.B.E.

We have a legend of an ancestor who gambled away an estate. I loathe his memory. But the bliss of inheriting a miser's hoard ! Bank notes in the bedding—guineas under the hearthstone—secret drawers bursting with bullion—

Some families have all the luck.

NYAMOK.

Mr. J. R. Murray, whose detestation of spendthrifts is, perhaps, excessive, gets the Second Prize for an essay in which he implies the moral superiority of Shylock to Falstaff. M. R. W. brings in Byron as a witness on behalf of the misers and quotes : "Why call the miser miserable?—He is your only poet—His is a pleasure that can never pall—the frugal life is his, which in the saint or cynic ever was the theme of praise." And M. L. from the same point of view eulogizes the miser as "your true romantic" whose "life is one long game." One's choice between the miser and the spendthrift, no doubt, depends on whether one prefers a game of patience or a game of poker.

SECOND PRIZE

Popular prejudice regards the miser as hateful, but treats indulgently the spendthrift—usually the more vicious of the two. It is a case of "Sour Grapes." Most people, being incapable of saving money, dislike those who succeed in doing so. Fiction and the drama have persistently fostered the fallacy that it is handsome to spend, and mean to save. Even Shakespeare joined the conspiracy against thrift, and so we laugh at Falstaff—a contemptible, sponging rogue—and detest Shylock, who at least loved his daughter as well as his ducats. Modern poets refuse prudence a place among the virtues, and penny-a-liners who have never read a page of Samuel Smiles sneer at his "Self-Help." In spite of the propaganda of Insurance Societies, thrift will be at a discount until our young bloods, who confuse extravagance and generosity, inquire seriously by what means the criminal classes are recruited. They might then discover that the prodigal is a positive danger to the community, while the miser is, negatively at least, its benefactor. The man who gives away Treasury notes in Fleet Street is a candidate for Bedlam. Any fool can fling away: it takes a wise man to gather together.

J. R. MURRAY

BACK NUMBERS—XVIII

WHAT, strictly, constitutes the true parodist? The Johnsonian definition of parody goes to the root of the matter in bringing together the words "laughter" and "admiration." No worker in this kind is worthy of a place in the highest rank who, mocking a genuine poet, fails to remind us, continually, that it is a genuine poet he is mocking. In mere travesty few have done better, or more brutal, things than William Maginn, but Maginn is not in the finer sense a parodist.

* * *

To my mind, the two greatest masters of poetical parody we have ever had are Hogg and Swinburne, and I earnestly advise the average lover of parody to refrain from looking into them. They do not provide the kind of fun for which he will be seeking. Their fun, as a rule, though I except Hogg's boisterous version of Scott and Swinburne's Rabelaisian *Patmore*, is very much subtler than that to which the acknowledged masters of parody, popular or academic, have accustomed him. The Coleridge of Hogg is in many single lines and one passage as lovely as the actual Coleridge; only some delicate devil of mischief frisks in radiant mischief through it. The Mrs. Browning of Swinburne is the actual Mrs. Browning, stricken, not with imbecility, but with a more than half-beautiful lunacy. And both Hogg and Swinburne have perfectly mocked themselves.

* * *

An excellent biographical dictionary, to which I have gone for central opinion in these matters, declares Calverley to have been "the prince of parodists." That, it may be supposed, is what nine readers out of ten think, and there is excuse for it. Calverley was immensely accomplished; he had a seldom rivalled power of mimicry; he was extremely quick to see the weaknesses of his victims. There was but one thing he could not do—convince us that, even while he teased a fine poet, he was fully alive to the subtler excellences of the original. It was not that he lacked appreciation of poetry; he had excellent taste. But, whatever his serious opinion of the writer parodied, he seldom conveyed to us through the parody itself that sensitive admiration which Hogg and Swinburne convey in their very best work. Swinburne, who wrote 'The Poet and the Woodlouse,' was wont to refer to Mrs. Browning as "our divine and dearest Mrs. Browning." Calverley may have thought as highly and warmly of some of his victims; but in the one instance the admiration comes through the parody, in the other it does not, in anything like the same degree.

* * *

For all that, or, rather, just for that reason, Calverley will remain for most people "the prince of parodists." Parody is a criticism; and whereas Hogg's or Swinburne's is fraternal, a poet's criticism of a poet, Calverley's is seldom more than that of a well-read and witty Don. But though I am moved to this mild protest against exaggeration, by no means am I less thankful than the Saturday Reviewer of 1884 for what Calverley was. The obituary article in which this paper briefly summed up his merits was judicious enough. It was allowed that his rare dexterity in verse had its limitations; and indeed Calverley, so adroit in light lyrical measures, often wrote thoroughly bad serious blank verse:

What God, then, bade those twain stand forth and strive?
Zeus's and Leto's son, He, angered sore
Against the King, sent pestilence abroad.

What is to be said of a writer who perpetrates that, and in a rendering of Homer?

* * *

The 'Theocritus' may or may not be, from the scholar's point of view, what has been claimed for it; but it is undoubtedly a very graceful exercise, or series of exercises, in English verse, with an infusion of pleasing poetical sentiment, and only here and there an irrelevant cleverness. Of other serious work it is unnecessary to write. The Calverley of all men's admiration is the parodist. Whether in ingenious reproduction of the peculiarities of other writers he often surpassed the Sir Frederick Pollock of 'Leading Cases,' a book which seems to be scarcely known to the present generation of readers, may be doubted; but the ease and point and memorableness of his best parodies put him above the author of that brilliant *tour de force*. The Browning and the Jean Ingelow are in their way consummate.

* * *

Calverley has had a strong and constant influence on parody and light verse from the 'sixties to the present day, and especially on work of that sort produced by young men at the two older Universities. Writing of him shortly after his death, the SATURDAY REVIEW remarked that he alone, of all the brilliant Balliol men of his period, had left a long-surviving legend at Oxford. On Cambridge, after his migration, he naturally made an even deeper impression. For at least thirty years the old stories of his wit continued to be retailed at both Universities, and outside them a large circle of what might be called *parsonage-and-Punch* people adored his work. Whether the effect was altogether good is another question.

* * *

Calverley and his disciples undoubtedly made English parody and light verse neater, more precise, technically finer, than it had been for a very long time before them. Other influences helped. Nobody writing after the 'seventies on slight subjects and with less than complete seriousness could be unaffected by the exquisite example of Austin Dobson. But the main credit certainly belongs to Calverley. There is, however, something to set off against this.

* * *

To read a large anthology of post-Calverley parody and light verse is rather like reading that anthology of English verse in strict French forms, Gleeson White's, which at once secured general admiration for the ballade and rondeau and virtually ended the production of work in these forms. A great deal of pleasure is to be had from both compilations; the average is remarkably high; but after a while one loses all feeling for the individualities of the writers. It may be that without the influence of Calverley and his followers English parody and light verse would have had more personal pungency, more tang, more variety, than we find in such an anthology, that we should have been further from feeling that most of the writers had come into possession of the one recipe for playfulness. It may be; yet it is certain that the comic Muse follows fashion, and perhaps, lacking Calverley, some other and far less scholarly and graceful writer would have set that fashion. And, after all, we are not bound to read anthologies that gather up over much of the work of those who have aped Calverley.

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9 April 1927

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REVIEWS

HELPS TO POETRY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

On the Poems of Henry Vaughan: Characteristics and Intimations. By Edmund Blunden. Cobden-Sanderson. 5s.

Lyrics from the Old Song Books. Edited by Edmondstoune Duncan. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

THESE two books, which may be taken together, as aiming at some help to the study of our older poetry, differ very widely in their methods and in the degrees of success which they attain. Mr. Blunden, dating his preface, not very happily, I think, from his exile in Tokyo, speaks of "a gulf fixed between the author of these occasional paragraphs and an adequate library." Occasional they may be, in the sense that they follow one another rather casually and do not convey the impression of being articulated in accordance with a fixed scheme of argument. They all have the air of being "marginalia" though only one part of them bears this specific description.

But Mr. Blunden never says anything on the art of poetry, or on any particular poet's practice of it, which is without value, and his natural, musing method seems to suit him very well. It renders easy the introduction of remarks by the way, as when he speaks of how Keats, "perhaps with his eye on Cooke's generous duodecimo array of British bards, dared to set a value on his own verse, 'I think I shall be among the English poets after my death.'" This suggestion of what may have been in Keats's mind when he made the famous boast has a quality of life in it which always distinguishes Mr. Blunden's criticism.

So with his desultory notes on Vaughan. We learn from him of Vaughan's researches into medicine and hermetic philosophy and of his probable military service during the Civil War. Finally we have his comparison between Herbert and Vaughan:

Time begins to distinguish between the master's ingenuity and the pupil's genius. Herbert seems to be usually concerned with putting things quaintly; his piety is running an obstacle race; no doubt God is the prize, but our attention is too much occupied with the feats and acrobatics on the course. Moreover, the object of his journey is God according to vestry arrangements; a noble ideal, far finer than the unblurred vision of many of us, but narrow in comparison with Vaughan's solar, personal, firmamental, flower-whispering, rainbow-browed, ubiquitous, magnetic Love.

Just, and beautifully said: such criticism falls on the mind with the same effect as April rain on the soil.

Mr. Edmonstoune Duncan's anthology is an altogether different kettle of fish. After long consideration, I cannot for the life of me make out what it is for, neither what it attempts to provide nor what, if anything, it attempts to prove. The editor describes it as being "essentially a collection of singable songs." He states also that "it is no idle thought that verse which has passed the crucible of musicians' brains has gathered lustre and melody," and he adds these mysterious observations:

There is no better preparation for hearing a song than to read over its words. You get a glimpse of its melody and rhythmical movement, its colour and rhyme. You need no longer strain after the mere words, once possessed of its inner meaning. All really great singers have their words by heart; and the advantage of seeing them neatly set up, apart from the musical notes, is one not to be despised. But we do not depend upon this. Our pages show much of the humour, melody and fragrance of the English tongue.

What follows on these obscure indications of intent is an anthology beginning with the medieval anonymous and ending with, among others, Tennyson, Browning,

Charles Kingsley and Adelaide Ann Procter. All my attempts to discover what has been Mr. Duncan's principle of selection have been completely defeated. A collection of the best pieces for setting might have been useful to composers, who are generally pretty helpless in this matter and follow one another like so many sheep. A volume of the best English poems, good settings of which are available, might serve another purpose and be useful to singers. But Mr. Duncan, so far as I can discover, includes a piece (a) because it has been set, or (b) because it might be set, or (c) for no particular reason at all. He gives us Chaucer's lines beginning "Flee from the press," but he indicates no setting, nor, though the modern composers will attempt to set almost anything, can I imagine any being made with great profit. He prints a couple of pages from 'Romeo and Juliet' on no better ground than that they have been set to music in an opera. He gives eleven pieces by Tennyson, but none of the extracts from 'Maud' included in Dr. Somervell's beautiful song-cycle. He gives Adelaide Ann Procter's 'Lost Chord,' but why? It is a bad poem and the song is now, to say the least of it, somewhat in eclipse. Indeed it is difficult to understand how any musician could have brought himself to set that nonsense about a chord "like the sound of a great Amen" which somehow got lost: a lost progression might have made some sort of sense. He does not give Kingsley's 'Sands of Dee,' which is as famous, besides being a better poem and a better song. Suckling's 'Ballad on a Wedding' appears, not under that title, nor as Suckling wrote it, but, apparently, as it is given in Hullah's 'Song Book.' We are left to assume that Mr. Duncan did not add to the labours of editing this hotch-potch the elementary labour of consulting the original texts.

All this is a great pity, because the book comes with some show of musical recommendation and authority. Mr. W. J. Turner once amiably remarked that the general education of the average musician would be a disgrace to the average professional pugilist. This is, I hope, an exaggeration, though Mr. Turner ought to know. But it is within my own knowledge that English composers and singers are as a rule woefully ignorant of the poetry which must necessarily be the foundation of their joint achievements. They have had dinned into them the fact that music written for a foolish poem will probably prove a house built on sand. But, having grasped this, they continue to go about pathetically inquiring where good poetry may be found, and the answer, "In the works of good poets," seems rarely to convey anything comprehensible by them. In the long run, they generally go to the pre-digested food supplied by the anthologist, and this is just the sort of anthology to which they are likely to be drawn as a cat is drawn to valerian. What they will make of it I cannot think.

Since the anthology thus appeals to composers and, through them, to singers, it would be worth the while of someone who knows a good deal about poetry and something about music to produce one for them. At present the estrangement between poetry and music, though not so nearly complete as it was half a generation ago, is still both wide and deep enough. Perhaps the German poet does produce lyrics more suited to the voice than we do, in modern times at any rate. In German poetry the peasant has gone on singing through the ages. In English poetry, the Elizabethans imposed something more sophisticated on the method of the peasant and thus produced an astonishing florescence of lyrics. It passed away and left our poetry with a definitely literary character, a poetry to be read rather than to be said or sung. But the German composer, though he may often be deceived (Schubert had a peculiar taste for rubbish), does know how to honour great poetry by an attempt to use it for the purposes of music. He knows what he ought to look for and where he ought to look: he does not

wait until Mörike and Liliencron present themselves to him as perfectly unfamiliar names in some volume of selections. Mr. Duncan says that "it has always seemed to the Editor that the making of a song book is properly a musician's work." But we must find the right musician.

THE ROAD TO RUIN

Britain Looks Forward. Studies of the Present Conditions by Various Writers. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

The Road to Prosperity. By Sir George Paish. Foreword by Sir Josiah Stamp. Benn. 6s.

WE talk so much and so omnisciently about the state of the world that anything we can do towards improving it seems slight compared with what we know has to be done. The result is a feeling of hopelessness. The post-Napoleonic period, we are constantly being reminded, was faced with determination and an old-fashioned trust in Providence. Actually it was never faced at all, except for the minor problem of material expansion—the housing question, welfare, education, town planning, even elementary sanitation, were let slide for posterity to cope with. A good many of the complications of the present time arise from this accumulated neglect. Perhaps the main reason why the outlook seems at present so lowering is that on top of a world-wide dislocation we are facing dozens of responsibilities which the Victorians simply shirked—the responsibility, for instance, of providing for the aged and weak, for public health in the widest sense, or for an efficient ladder from the bottom in education.

Lack of faith in Providence, the scientific atmosphere of the age, and a sharp lesson on the dangers of drifting, have made us morbidly analytical of our own maladies, like an invalid with too little sense of proportion and too much knowledge of anatomy. For years we have had an unbroken and nearly uniform stream of books seeking to prove that Britain is, or is not, going to the dogs, and propounding, naturally, a sure remedy for whatever is shown to be wrong with us. Personally, we have always liked the pessimistic ones best. When all are thin and obviously at the most half-true it is more reassuring to examine an unconvincing argument for decadence and go to bed happy in having found the flaws than to lay despondently down a superficial statement of the case for optimism, only wishing we were as blind as its author to all his fallacies or unwarranted assumptions.

Here, we imagine, is a psychological cleavage between the English and the American reader. Americans naively accuse the Englishman of reading pessimistic versions because he likes to be made miserable; actually the sort of book to make any thinking Englishman wretched is a beautifully well-meant boost production like 'Britain Looks Forward.' To begin with, if there were really any need for the editor of an American newspaper to collect evidence, out of the kindness of his heart, in order to convince the world and ourselves that we are not dead yet, his contention would automatically fail, for then we should be. Fortunately, we are still in a position to smile at this exposition of how we ought to do it (Part I. "Who said 'Down and Out'?" featuring the President of the Federation of British Industries), confident that the Empire would have held together even if the Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* had not come so obligingly to its rescue. The book consists not of "Studies of the present conditions by various writers," as the publisher's note alleges, but of hasty articles reprinted from a newspaper supplement. It owes such value as it possesses to the fact

that a few of the contributors happened to know something about their subjects already. They are a curious gathering, ranging from Sir Max Muspratt and Mr. W. T. Layton to Mr. Frank Plachy, Jnr. Sir Alfred Robbins, in his rousing Introduction, aspires to longer words than he appears to understand; Canterbury and York cathedrals are "metropolitical," if you want to be high-falutin', but St. Paul's never was.

'The Road to Prosperity' is a book of very different quality. Sir George Paish would have given a better idea of his argument by calling it 'The Road to Ruin,' along which he shows the whole world to be travelling. Essentially it is an explanation and development of that famous manifesto, the Bankers' Plea, for which he was instrumental in obtaining the imposing array of signatures from leading business men of all countries. The gist of it is very simple—a solemn warning against the policy (of which almost all trading States are now guilty) of treating trade as a form of war, in which you must make yourself strong by exporting as much as you can and importing as little, and further seek to destroy your adversaries' key industries by tariffs and ruthless competition. Trade is a form of give and take; the more strictly you exclude the goods of any country the less capacity that country has for paying for your goods in exchange; refuse to admit their exports and you deprive them of the buying power to take your own.

This seems rather an elementary sermon to preach to the chief trading countries in 1927; but the fact that Sir George Paish can prove the need for it goes far to substantiate his warning. The United States tariff wall would long ago have prevented many European countries from taking American products, however urgently required, but for the fact that they have been freely supplied with American credit for the purpose. It is the Americans, not their customers, who find the money to pay themselves for a great part of their exports. When that credit is withdrawn, and Sir George Paish points out that it is bound to be withdrawn sooner or later, such trade must contract to its economic level, with disastrous effects upon even American prosperity. He points out the imminent danger of a collapse of the world's long-suffering credit system, which, if it were allowed to happen, might have even more tragic consequences than the political collapse of 1914. Nearly all countries now depend for their very life-bread upon credit, and yet the very States which have most to suffer from a financial crisis are the ones whose self-seeking and short-sighted economic policy is making such a crisis likely.

If his diagnosis of the disease is simple, his remedy is even simpler; cancellation of all war debts and reparations out of enlightened economic self-interest (the enormous increase in the sum due from Germany next year is a serious factor in the situation) and systematic abolition of national barriers against trade. The book is quite short, and there is not much in it that is new, yet his warning, which he delivers with great skill and conviction, is probably the gravest yet uttered against the post-war economics of all Western nations. With such an impressive weight of authority behind it 'The Road to Prosperity' is on a different plane of importance from the numberless contributions of free-lance publicists to the debate. It represents the considered opinion of men who have a right to be heard if anyone has; and it will be a case of criminal negligence if their solemn warning does not win the attention it deserves. This is an indictment which we should like to see as ably answered.

¶ Competitors are reminded that solutions to competitions which reach the Editor later than the specified time are automatically disqualified.

THE FIRST AMERICAN

Benjamin Franklin: the First Civilized American.
By Phillips Russell. Benn. 25s.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, whatever else may be said about him, was undoubtedly one of the most interesting and attractive figures of his time. This quaint and humorous personality, "this engaging blend of Ulysses and Uncle Ponderevo"—as Mr. Guedalla once called him—this plump little tradesman in broadcloth who took aristocratic Paris by storm, would arouse our interest even if he stood for nothing more than this. But there is much more. Unlike Washington, who remained so obstinately English, Franklin has serious claims to be regarded as the founder of the national type. "The first civilized American," Mr. Russell calls him. It has been more usual to call him simply "the first American," and leave it at that. And there is nothing in this new biography (which contains a good deal of hitherto unpublished material) to make us doubt the justice of the wider claim. It rather strengthens it.

That, however, is a question that may be left to Americans to decide. It is of more topical interest at the present moment to come down to details, and point out that Franklin was, at any rate, the first American who understood publicity. As agent in London for Massachusetts and other States about the time of the "Boston tea-party," he did some publicity work that may be admired even by his countrymen to-day. He bombarded Members of Parliament with statements of his case; he wrote anonymously for the Press, sliding in a news paragraph here, a letter there. When called before the House of Lords he carefully arranged for friends of his to ask questions to which he had prepared crushing replies. Back in America again, he achieves the distinction of making propaganda out of post marks for the first time, changing the frank on his letters from "Free—B. Franklin," to "B free Franklin"—a good example both of his resourcefulness and his wit. He was, indeed, the father of that dry kind of humour which we call American. When, in 1775, it was proposed to prohibit the Episcopal clergy from praying for the King, Franklin demurred:

"The measure," he said, "is quite unnecessary; for the Episcopal clergy, to my certain knowledge, have been constantly praying, these twenty years, that *God would give to the King and Council wisdom* ; and we all know that not the least notice has been taken of that prayer. So it is plain, the gentlemen have no interest in the court of Heaven."

In a rapid but lively account of Franklin's earlier life, Mr. Russell suggests yet another title to fame. Franklin, in his youth, was, perhaps, the first American "crank." As a young man he was both vegetarian and teetotaller on principle; but residence in Europe mellowed him—as it has mellowed others—and he ended up with quite a reasonable fondness for his glass. Mr. Russell's best chapters deal with the elderly Franklin's relations with his many women friends. He quotes judiciously and amusingly from the letters, and, wisely avoiding psycho-analytical subtleties, concludes that "to a versatile but slightly lethargic man like Franklin the companionship of bright and vivacious women met one of his fundamental needs." It cheered him up to be Madame Brillon's "dear papa," and no one supposes that he seriously wanted to be anything else.

Mr. Russell has placed himself under a serious disadvantage by writing almost throughout in the present tense. But in spite of that self-imposed handicap, and with the aid of some amusing letters that ought to have seen the light long ago, he has produced a very readable and informative book, distinguished by cool and common-sense conclusions. The Franklin bibliography grows steadily in size, and will continue

to do so, for it is clear that we have not yet exhausted the supply of raw material. It is doled out to us. Moreover, Franklin's is that kind of many-sided character about which there always seems to be something new to say.

THE LUSTRE OF TCHEKHOV

Anton Tchekhov. Literary and Theatrical Reminiscences. Translated and Edited by S. S. Koteliensky. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

THE persuasion of Tchekhov's personality holds this scrap-book together; his genius gives it an aroma. The various scraps are a chronological table of Tchekhov's life and work, stories of Anton's early life by his brother Alexander, assorted and assembled notes, recollections, and comments by Anton's contemporaries in literature and the theatre, brief jottings from a Tchekhov diary, an unpublished play of one act, and several unpublished sketches. It is the common fate of greatness to have its littleness exhumed, mummified, and put on view. But there is nothing of the new pieces from which we are glad to look away. The short play was a private joke and is scarce actable, but it is genuine in its playfulness and not to be blushed for. Some of the articles, dug from the newspapers in which they were planted early and for small rewards largely needed, are of the highest quality. 'At the Cemetery' and 'A Moscow Hamlet' may have been hack-work done to pay the rent or hold the grocer at bay. Yet in them the fire burns with that double flame which warms to compassion and then spurts up to wound, softening again to the gentler radiance. Tchekhov was a taskman in his boyhood, combining his home lessons with minding his father's shop, in stripes often, and never robust. Then came the University and endless scribbling for a pittance.

"Do you know how I write my little stories?" Tchekhov asked. "Here!" He glanced at the table, took the first object his hand happened to come across—it was an ash-tray—he put it in front of me and said, "To-morrow, if you like, I'll have a story called 'The Ash-Tray.'"

To the question what would he do if he became rich, Tchekhov answered with a perfect seriousness, "I should write the tiniest possible stories."

From the anecdotes and comments of many contemporaries a blurred image is likely to arise. To most he seemed shy, compassionate, and gentle; yet to Stanislavsky, of the Moscow Art Theatre, he seemed at first to be proud, haughty, and cunning. We meet again the wonderful story of the Art Theatre. Tchekhov, broken in health and nerve by his failures at St. Petersburg, is backed by Nemirovich-Danchenko, the founder of the Moscow Theatre, while Stanislavsky, later to be the supreme interpreter of Tchekhov in acting and production, rejects the new author. Then follows one of the most fruitful conversions in the history of the stage. The producer discovers the dramatist and draws him on; the dramatist discovers his actors and draws them out. Stanislavsky has told the story in his magnificent book, 'My Life in Art,' and he relates it briefly here. The actors, too, contribute with their fragments of story-telling. This from Madame Boutov is typical and delightful:

When I was in Yalta, I called on Tchekhov. He sat on the terrace, and on the steps lay a pair of large binocular glasses.

"This is my guardian," he smiled, pointing to the glasses.

"How is that?" I asked.

"You see, when people come round here and start clever conversations, I take the glasses and begin to look through

them. If it is daytime I look on the sea; if it is night, I look on the sky. Then the guests think I am pondering on something profound, significant, and for fear of breaking my mood, they stop talking."

Tchekhov's personality had a lustre about it which no book about him can fail to reflect. This one is radiant.

MODERN HEALTH

Scourges of To-day. By E. T. Burke.

Diseases of Animals in Relation to Man. By T. W. M. Cameron.

The Air We Breathe. By James Kerr. Faber and Gwyer (The Scientific Press). 3s. 6d. each.

THE above three volumes belong to the series of 'Modern Health Books,' of which six have already appeared under the editorship of Professor Frazer Harris. The object of the series is "to bring within the reach of everyone the latest expert opinion on problems of health in such a way as to enable the reader not only to lead a healthy life himself, but to form a right judgment on all those questions which affect the life of the community." In both these aims the above books will prove helpful.

The first volume begins with an introduction in which the four scourges of modern civilization (alcohol, venereal disease, tuberculosis and cancer) are compared to the four horsemen of the Apocalypse—a picturesque simile which is well substantiated in the chapters which follow. The author's conclusions are that alcohol, while beneficial to health when taken in moderation, predisposes, when consumed to excess, to venereal disease, cancer and tuberculosis. The drunken man is the special quarry of the lowest and most infected class of prostitute. Alcoholism, by lowering the bodily resistance to infection, produces susceptibility to acute respiratory diseases, such as bronchitis and pneumonia, which in their turn pave the way for pulmonary tuberculosis. And the irritant action of alcohol on the stomach and intestines is held to prepare the soil for malignant disease. The statistical parts of the book, especially those sections showing that venereal diseases are much more prevalent than is generally supposed, are both interesting and convincing. But Dr. Burke is inclined to write as a propagandist, and in this rôle sometimes makes assertions such as "syphilis undoubtedly predisposes to tuberculosis of the lungs" (page 160), which may excite doubt or even dissent.

The prevention of cancer and tuberculosis—certain recent medical pronouncements notwithstanding—is still largely a medical question. Prevention of venereal disease and alcoholism is a social question (in so far as it is not a personal one), an understanding of which by the general public could do little but good. But in the *early detection* of cancer, as contrasted with its prevention, it is here argued that a little medical knowledge, generally diffused, might result in a considerable saving of life and suffering.

The second volume upon the diseases of animals in relation to man will make interesting reading to the medical no less than to the lay public. The more prominent infective diseases which man shares with the animals are tuberculosis, anthrax, glanders, rabies, pox, Maltese fever, and, rarely, foot and mouth disease. It is not generally known that syphilis has recently been found to occur in the South American llama, which discovery may throw some light on the disputed question of the origin of this scourge. These and other diseases are clearly described by Dr. Cameron, who has produced a readable and instructive book. In the prevention and detection, however, of the diseases here discussed the unaided layman can achieve little. These diseases differ from those which are the subject-matter of the pre-

ceding volume in falling almost entirely within the sphere of the veterinary officer and the medical officer of health.

The third volume, by Dr. James Kerr, is of the same high standard as the preceding one, and could be read with profit by everyone. An historical introduction dealing with the early notions about the air is followed by a simple description of the physiology of respiration and the constitution of the different kinds of air. The author then gives a fairly detailed account, covering several chapters, of the problems of ventilation, and the book ends with a description of the numerous ways in which the health of the town dweller could be improved by taking into proper account the physiological properties of fresh air and natural sunlight and the much ignored yet manifold functions of the human skin.

This is a careful and scholarly survey, the essentially practical orientation of which might well be imitated, in the chapters devoted to the function of respiration, by writers of text books of physiology.

BYRON'S LETTERS

Lord Byron in His Letters: Selections from His Letters and Journals. Edited by V. H. Collins. With a Portrait. Murray. 12s.

BYRON'S position among the best and most continuously entertaining of English letter writers may be freely admitted, and yet the spirits of those whose time is limited or purses light quail before the mere mention of the six-volume edition of Lord Ernle, with Sir John Murray's two supplementary volumes to follow, while no selection hitherto made from this vast store of riches has been able to claim to be representative in any real degree. Now Mr. Collins has come to the rescue, and between one pair of covers presents not only an adequate selection from the letters and journals, but so arranges them that together with the prefatory and other interspersed notes, which give brief biographical information about Byron and some of his correspondents, they "provide a running commentary on his life, his character, and his poetry." It may satisfy few as a biography—which it is not, of course, intended to be—but as an introduction to, or even as a reminiscent revisiting of, Byron and his circle of friends, it is admirable.

The material dates from November 8, 1798 ("I hope you will excuse all blunders, as it is the first letter I ever wrote"), until April 9, 1824, the day upon which his last short illness began. It includes communications to members of his family, to his publisher and business acquaintances, his wife and numerous other ladies, and to an abundance of literary friends. He wrote fluently, from many places, in many moods; yet throughout we can feel the impress of a single personality, attractive and likeable in the highest degree, a man physically and mentally active, and of the widest sympathies. No one, after reading this volume, will be able to accept with any seriousness what Mr. Collins refers to as the traditional picture of the "gloomy sensualist, the dandified poseur, whose languor gives way now and then to outbursts of atheism and misanthropy." We may accept his wife's description of him as "the most melancholy of mankind, and often when apparently gayest," without seeing in his high spirits a deliberate or even a conscious deception. That there was something deeply contradictory in his nature is beyond doubt; it expresses itself in his rejection of his poetry, in his pride, his violence of temper, his restlessness: "If I must sail, let it be on the ocean, no matter how stormy—anything but a dull cruise on a land-lake without ever losing sight of the same insipid shores by which it is surrounded." As for misanthropy, there were, he declares, times when he liked being alone better than any company, but as a general thing he had no

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hatred of his fellow men; as these letters bear witness, he was, as a rule, the most companionable, the most sincere, of friends, generous almost to absurdity in money matters. Even to the claims of creditors he was not oblivious. With regard to his alleged atheism, upon few matters is he more decisive than in his repudiation of Shelley's "speculative opinions," and his determination to preserve his daughter Allegra from her "atheistical mother" and to bring her up "a Christian and a married woman."

AMUNDSEN'S SECOND POLE

The First Flight Across the Polar Sea. By Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth. Hutchinson. 21s.

THE story of Amundsen's successful voyage by airship across the North Pole in May, 1926, is brief and comparatively uneventful. That is one of the penalties of victory. There are no exciting incidents to record here, such as marked the aeroplane flight towards the Pole under the same leader in the previous year, when a forced landing had to be made and disaster was narrowly averted. On the contrary, everything proceeded according to plan, almost to the end. What actually happened may be quickly told. Starting from King's Bay, Spitzbergen, they at first encountered good weather and flew for eleven hours in brilliant sunshine. Then came successive belts of fog, increasing in density. Over the Pole, happily, there was a break, and they were able to take a photograph (reproduced in this book) and drop their Norwegian, American and Italian flags. Thereafter the fog grew worse, and, approaching the Alaskan coast, their real troubles began. They were uncertain of their whereabouts. For some time ice had been collecting on the metal work, the ropes and the sides of the gondolas, and flying particles of this were continually tearing holes in the envelope, which had to be hurriedly mended. There had been little sleep for anyone, and they were very near exhaustion when Colonel Nobile (the builder of the ship and now its captain) succeeded in making a landing, earlier than had been intended, near the village of Teller—and the voyage was at an end.

That is the bare record. But there were great moments—as when, passing over the Pole, Amundsen and Wisting clasped hands. Both these men had been present when the Norwegian flag was planted at the South Pole! There was a strange feeling of loneliness. They saw hardly any animal life, except for two polar bears, who were so terrified that "they threw themselves head first into the nearest opening in the ice." And small blame to them. Another curious incident was the celebration of Mr. Ellsworth's birthday. Mr. Ellsworth is an American who contributed generously to the cost of the expedition and accompanied it as joint leader. His birthday is on May 12, but they crossed the pole that day and the date was immediately altered to the afternoon of May 11! As the navigating officer, Lieutenant Rüser-Larsen, puts it in one of his chapters: "Ellsworth's birthday was thus not very long, but he consoled himself with the fact that he could begin it again in a few hours." Mr. Amundsen vigorously denies the rumours that have appeared in the Press of bickerings between the Norwegian and Italian sections of the crew. He confesses, however, to some annoyance upon discovering, when they reached America, that Colonel Nobile and another Italian had exceeded the weight allowance for personal luggage by bringing military uniforms.

The geographical results of the expedition were negative. Between the Pole and Alaska they saw no land at all, and Mr. Finn Malmgren (who writes about the weather conditions) assumes, therefore, that none exists. But as Amundsen himself says, in another

part of the book, they might easily have passed islands without seeing them. For one whole day, for instance, they looked down upon nothing but "a tremendous sea of fog"; and it is to be remembered that their normal speed was about seventy kilometres an hour. Their discovery of the extraordinary irregularity of the fog belts near the Pole is one of considerable importance. Mr. Malmgren discusses it learnedly and at length. He adds that some of the observations were still not worked out when this book was written.

Finally a word may be said on the interesting question of aeroplane versus airship, for polar flights. There is a difference of opinion here. Amundsen is all for airships—and apparently most of his party would agree. For purposes of observation and photography they are much steadier than aeroplanes, and the danger of a forced landing is less. Mr. Malmgren, on the other hand, thinks that the future is with the aeroplane. "It is swifter and more capable of resistance against storm and bad weather, and, with its small surface, it does not run any particularly great risk of being weighed down to the ground by the formation of ice upon it." Ice and bad weather are the airship's danger. This particular airship, both before and during its flight, received, by wireless, frequent advice from weather experts and the latest information from stations on both sides of the Pole. But such advice would not always be available. Moreover, as we in England know to our cost, the expert prophets are often wrong.

AMERICAN CANADA!

Wild Goose Chase. By C. Henry Warren. Faber and Gwyer. 6s.

M. R. WARREN visited Canada in the spring of last year as a tourist, but he travelled, at any rate across the Atlantic and as far as Alberta, as an emigrant and settler. His purpose, like his method, was very different from that of the ordinary tourist; his quest was spiritual:

Here, in Canada, I thought, was a young and undeveloped land; surely here, if anywhere to-day, I might hope to find a people enjoying a mode of life that would foster a health of mind and spirit, a harmony of hand with eye, a balance, a singleness of purpose that seems to become remoter, in England, with every passing year.

He was not able to discover what he sought, and it is to this, rather than to the more material disappointments which he relates, that his title refers.

Yet the two aspects cannot be separated. What Mr. Warren objected to most strongly in Canada was the way in which everything there, including the people, is becoming rapidly Americanized, and with all the baser elements of Americanization. Canadians vehemently deny that this is so, but these pages—and their evidence is not in itself exceptional—leave little room for doubt:

Wherever the railway has penetrated, these thin sophistications are to be found: the same newspaper morals, the same false prophets of religion, the same abdominal music, the same lack of imagination. Picture the bevy of girls, shingled and painted, lipsticks in their compacts and sex in their brains, who make every prairie station a mannequin parade; and the farmers and their wives who motor in ten and twenty miles from their ranches to see Elinor Glyn's latest melodrama.

Mr. Warren traversed the Continent, crossing the Rocky Mountains into the paradise—as he believed it to be and as at first sight it seemed—of British Columbia. Even there he was disillusioned, encountering aspects of immigrant life of which we in this country hear all too little, and that Vancouver should turn out to be "suburbia in excelsis," its core "rotten with poverty," was only a fitting conclusion to his westward journey. In despair he fled to the wildest parts of the Rockies (beyond reach even of the ubiquitous notices erected for the benefit of visitors: "Cameras ready: good view, 100

yards"), to learn that even there he must take out a licence in order to camp. "No," he was told, "you can't go free-lancing round the world to-day: it's all reserved for tourists."

The accounts of Canadian life and characteristics will undoubtedly prove of the greatest general interest, but the more personal side of Mr. Warren's adventure is by no means negligible. He is, moreover, a literary artist of considerable merit. Of America we have heard much lately—perhaps too much; of Canada too little. This is an honest and an authentic book, and should provoke discussion.

HOW OUR ANCESTORS LIVED

Home Life in History. By John Gloag and C. Thompson Walker. Benn. 12s. 6d.

HISTORICAL reconstruction is, perhaps, the most difficult of all kinds of writing. It asks for a combination of solid learning and imaginative gifts that are seldom found together. It is the object of this book to show us "representative examples of home life in Britain from the days of the pre-Roman British princes to the first quarter of the twentieth century." In each chapter the authors set their scene with considerable success. The aspect of the countryside, the buildings, the furniture, the clothes and manners of the people are accurately and sympathetically displayed. Then some kind of "action" is introduced and at once the feeling of reality is lost.

Precisely the same phenomenon may be observed at the performance of any "costume play" at a West End theatre. The curtain goes up on the interior of an eighteenth-century inn, or, perhaps, a street scene in medieval London. A watchman passes, swinging his lantern—an orange-girl—one or two noblemen, rather drunk. Everything is beautifully done, every detail correct. We experience for one second the delightful sensation of living in another epoch. Then one of the characters begins to speak, and instantly we are back in 1927, assisting at the performance of a stage-play.

For we do not even know how our ancestors pronounced their words. We know, roughly, how they constructed their sentences (though we are defeated every time we try to imitate them); but we cannot hear them speaking. We cannot get into their minds and understand how they would think or act on any given occasion. For instance, drink is a bugbear with modern Puritans, so Messrs. Gloag and Thompson Walker make it a leading theme in their Roundhead and Cavalier scene. It is impossible to blame them. Writing in the twentieth century, the temptation must have been irresistible. But the introduction of this subject strikes an altogether false and modern note. Seventeenth-century Puritans were not preoccupied by the Drink question, with a capital "d"; the activities of modern teetotal organizations would have appeared mere idiocy to Milton. And it does not make the thing alive to take an imaginary ancient British peasant, and follow the careers of his descendants through successive centuries, as Messrs. Gloag and Thompson Walker do. These characters do not remain long enough before the curtain for us to get to know them. Their family affairs are a mere irrelevant interruption in an otherwise admirable discourse on architecture, dress and table manners.

In fact, the task was impossible. But if we can manage to forget the leading characters who strut and speak upon the stage, and confine our attention entirely to the "supers" in the background, the stage "properties" and the scenic effects, we shall get a very pleasant series of impressionist sketches of the England of our ancestors. Messrs. Gloag and Thompson Walker know what they are talking about. They fill in the details with care and discrimination; and Mr. A. B. Read supports them with some spirited illustrations.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

A Wreath of Cloud. By Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

Elmer Gantry. By Sinclair Lewis. Cape. 7s. 6d.

WE whose lives are ordained in this setting part of time" (I quote from memory) "cannot reasonably be excused the consideration of that duration which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past, a moment." And if the seventeenth century seemed to Sir Thomas Browne the setting part of time, how much longer show the shadows of the twentieth century in Middle-Western America, whose prophet is Mr. Sinclair Lewis! And if anyone, after reading the history of *Elmer Gantry*, should feel disposed to doubt this and to see, in his mind's eye, the sun of civilization still well above the horizon, let him turn to the third instalment of 'The Tale of Genji.' Here is Japan of the eleventh century, nine hundred years older, and nine hundred times more civilized than America or, perhaps, any contemporary country.

I must apologize for this moralizing tone. 'Elmer Gantry,' which deals (in all senses of the word) with religious revivalists, induces it, and 'A Wreath of Cloud' does little to dispel it. For Genji has become middle-aged; he is over thirty; he has only to speak to be listened to with respect, and he takes full advantage of this: he who had held so many hearts in the hollow of his hand, now holds the floor. Though his good sense never deserts him, he is sometimes a little prosy, even a little priggish. Hear him on the subject of the novel:

But I have a theory of my own about what this art of the novel is, and how it came into being. To begin with, it does not simply consist in the author's telling a story about the adventures of some other person. On the contrary it happens because the story-teller's own experience of men and things, whether for good or ill—not only what he has passed through himself but even events which he has only witnessed or been told of—has moved him to an emotion so passionate that he can no longer keep it shut up in his heart. Again and again something in his own life or in that around him will seem to the writer so important that he cannot bear to let it pass into oblivion. There must never come a time, he feels, when men do not know about it. That is my view of how this art arose.

Thus Genji to Tamakatsura, a girl who had taken early to novel-reading. We applaud his analysis of the novelist's creative impulse; yet how changed is this staid critic from the Genji of the earlier volumes, who shed poems upon his acquaintances as freely as a tree sheds leaves! The verse-making Genji has not disappeared; his flirtations still cause anxiety to his beautiful second wife, Murasaki; but there are definite signs that his youth is passing. He is more self-assured, more confident of pleasing, more self-complacent. Perhaps the writer, who in the earlier volumes was so clearly in love with her creation, has tired a little of him and is less careful to keep back his faults. But it is more natural to suppose that Lady Murasaki, whose opinion of the novel Genji no doubt voices, intentionally marked the passing of the years by the gathering rigidity of Genji's character; she knew what a life looks like from outside; she was not at all romantic; she had no thought of writing a fairy story in which the characters should preserve into a fabulous old age the signs and sentiments of youth. No novelist has ever described a more sophisticated society, nor a society in which relationships were more exquisitely entered into or more delicately dissolved. What efforts Genji makes, incidentally what sacrifices of sincerity, to save the feelings of neglected mistresses! How carefully he avoids even the appearance of harshness! Though in entering upon his amours he has no sense of wrong-doing, in breaking them off he suddenly discovers a hundred

compunctions and obligations; and it is this, rather than his reputation as a lady-killer, that endears him to us. His deportment and all his dealings are characterized by a softness, a readiness to be imposed upon, that are foreign to Western notions of behaviour. Indeed, all the characters display a peculiar defencelessness that is faintly irritating to the European mind, which, however generous, regards an unlocked door as an invitation to the burglar. The Philistine in us refuses to believe that life can be conducted on such an insecure foundation as exchange of complimentary verses, admiration of landscapes, study of calligraphy, and attention to the arts of social intercourse. These people will surely go bankrupt, we say, cheated by rogues; or a band of rowdies who dislike aestheticism will throw them into a pond. In one way or another they will be taken advantage of.

But they are not; and as we continue to read Mr. Waley's marvellously beautiful prose we realize, a little wistfully, that the wind of A.D. 1000 was tempered to the shorn lamb in a way that modern winds are not: that it was possible to spend much of one's time debating which of the two seasons, spring or autumn, was the more beautiful without being thought idle or effeminate. And yet this existence, exquisite as it is, is unlike any Utopia invented by a single mind, for it comprehends much that it never expresses; we do not feel, because such and such an aspect of life is not mentioned, because, for instance, drains are not referred to, that therefore in the Japan of that epoch there was no sanitary system; it was one of the things Murasaki took for granted, just as it is one of the things scarcely any modern novelist takes for granted. *Genji* is not always easy to read. Like so much Oriental Art, it has design without emphasis; interest is always solicited, never seduced. The story is so long that the characters, when they appear, seem to have let slip the accretions of the past and so to have lost a part—a third dimension as it were—of their personalities. They are distinct but thin, owing nothing to memory, like acquaintances that have lapsed into strangers and need to be reintroduced. Thus it is impossible to assess their relative importance, to make a hierarchy of them, as one ranks in order the characters of a modern novel. Moreover, Mr. Waley makes little distinction in tone between the spoken and the written word, between narrative and dialogue; the dialogue never attempting, by its vividness, to bring the speakers immediately before us, but merely giving us, from the narrator's distance away, their own version of themselves. It is beautiful, for Mr. Waley's pen touches with beauty everything it writes; but it also has an effect of monotony: as though the medium without which an art could not find expression began to assert itself at the expense of the art it cradled. But the continuous beauty of vision and emotion which marked the earlier instalments of *Genji* persists undimmed; examples of it are to be found on every page.

But anyone who looks for beauty in the four-hundred-odd pages of 'Elmer Gantry' will be disappointed, though it is in no sense a "thin" book. It has colour, satire, humour, wit, characters, character-parts; but of beauty, or of a nature or a scene that could harbour beauty, it has none. It is, in fact, distressingly ugly, this account of a gross, amorous, middle-western undergraduate, a "husky guy" as he deprecatingly described himself, who made such a "good thing" out of preaching the Gospel to American Baptists and Methodists. Gantry is a kind of super-Chadband: "a baritone solo turned into portly flesh. . . . He could not understand men who shrank from blood, who liked poetry or roses, who did not casually endeavour to seduce every possibly seducible girl." This brief quotation is enough to show that Mr. Sinclair Lewis has not tried to make a serious character out of Gantry. He is a caricature, an Aunt Sally fashioned by his author's spleen, and decorated

with choice specimens of the kind of American culture which Mr. H. L. Mencken has recently anthologized. Between his various orgies Gantry seems to have moments of sincerity; he was a great success as an orator; but what would have been the most interesting point in his character, how far he believed himself to be sincere, Mr. Lewis never allows us to decide. It is clear from the Hogarthian thoroughness of his denunciation that he has a poor opinion of religious bodies in America; at one conference:

They all detested one another. Everyone knew of some case in which each of the others had stolen, or was said to have tried to steal, some parishioner, to have corrupted his faith and appropriated his contributions. Dr. Hickenlooper and Dr. Drew had each advertised that he had the largest Sunday School in the city. . . .

As a criticism of the position of religion in America, 'Elmer Gantry' will not carry much weight. As a story it has enough vitality to carry one over passages of extreme coarseness and a generally disagreeable flavour.

OTHER NOVELS

Pearl and Plain. By Aceituna Griffin. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

If Miss Griffin had been able to develop, in the course of this novel, a little abandon she would have imparted to it more life and more reality than it now possesses. She can bring her characters to the very verge of disaster; but she balks at a catastrophe and provides everyone with an "ever after" that is definitely and durably rosy. The story itself is pleasantly written, even if the theme is a little worn. Christina Carr had no money and no prospects, neither had she a prepossessing appearance. Her aunt, Honoria, took her in as a secretary, and used her, on the whole, very ill. Nevertheless Christina, after the fashion of Cinderellas, had spirit, and she made good, partly owing to the kindly offices of a maiden aunt with a genius for befriending stranded nieces, and partly to the activities of a crabbed uncle with a heart of gold and an immense fortune, which he had a mind to leave as he chose and not at all as Honoria dictated. Pearl, Honoria's daughter, was a beauty of the torpid type, with a lack of initiative that nearly ruined her future. Honoria herself was a hard, unscrupulous woman. The results of her ignoble action in a tragedy in which she had been implicated before her marriage involved Pearl in some alarming adventures.

Out of Darkness. By Kenneth Ingram. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

The war forms an appropriate background to the spiritual drama which Mr. Kenneth Ingram has evolved in this striking (if somewhat sombre) novel. Dennis Laidlaw, an anti-aircraft officer is, as it were, the "observer" of the events recorded, but it is upon Charlie Faversham that the real interest of the story centres. Early in life Faversham had defied the social conventions. Outlawed by society he had fled to France, had married, and was living peacefully and fairly contentedly as a painter. Then came the war and Faversham found himself caught up unexpectedly into the devastating maelstrom. For a time he endeavoured to persuade himself that the thing was no concern of his, but ultimately he enlisted in the French army. The story goes on to tell of how this man, who had sinned greatly, achieved his redemption magnificently. The story holds the reader by its sheer force of conviction and sincerity, and in Emile, the sardonic but devoted wife of Faversham, Mr. Ingram has succeeded in creating a very real and vital personality.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Contemporary Theatre, 1926. By James Agate. Introduction by Arnold Bennett. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

FOR the fourth successive year Mr. Agate has collected into one volume his weekly dramatic criticisms, thus providing a complete survey of noteworthy theatrical activities in London from January to December. His qualities are well known; there is no failure here in gusto or in wit, while understanding seems to deepen with experience. Mr. Bennett in his Introduction indulges in "some plain speaking," characteristically a reversal of popular opinions. There is no reason for protest against the entertainment tax; theatre rents and "star" salaries are not excessive; the prices of seats are not *too* high but not high enough. Instead, what is wrong with the London theatre is—the London theatre. Most of our actors and actresses are inaudible, and anyway do not know how to act. Producers are equally, if not more, incompetent. Dramatic critics—with the exception of Mr. Agate and one or two others—are altogether too "mealy-mouthed." And so on. Mr. Bennett is a pastmaster at the art of rousing controversy.

Recollections of Sixty Years. By Allan Fea. Illustrated. Richards. 12s. 6d.

WHEN Mr. Allan Fea writes in his introductory chapter an apology for "recollections," he omits one important merit. Such literature should awaken in the mind of the reader memories as happy as those the author recounts. And this merit this book possesses. It is emphasized by the author leading the reviewer back to those ancient days when the two served together for a brief time the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. Mr. Fea early gave proof of his gift of caricature and one wonders if he had slaved for the pictorial press in the days of his youth instead of totting up columns of figures he might not have gone further. However, he has placed many under a debt of gratitude by his "King Monmouth," "Secret Hiding Places," and other works, revealing how rich is England in splendid houses that are in themselves an epitome of the country's history. Ghost stories are told here, some good ones. Apparently Mr. Fea agrees with the writer that an authentic apparition should not make the viewer's flesh to creep, hair to rise; it should fit into the picture so to speak, the only startling thing about it being its unexpected appearance.

Famous Sporting Prints II. The Grand National. The Studio. 5s.

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A Colonist's Voyage to New Zealand Under Sail in the "Early Forties." By the late Alfred Fell. Simpkin. 2s. 6d.

MR. ALFRED FELL was one of the original settlers in New Zealand after its annexation by the British Government. With a number of emigrants and other cabin passengers he sailed in the *Lord Auckland*, 628 tons register, from Gravesend on September 25, 1841. A fortnight later the ship was still within sight of Falmouth, and it was not until the following February that he landed at Wellington. During the voyage—the ship had its share of both fine weather and storm—he kept a daily journal for the benefit of relatives left behind, and in these pages, where it is now for the first time printed, will be found a vivid if somewhat sketchy picture of life aboard such a vessel eighty years ago. We are admitted to his thoughts and feelings (though as "a good Tory" he is not naturally introspective), make acquaintance with crew and passengers, share the general pleasures and discomforts, and hear something of gossip at the dinner-table and of more formal debates. Much of it, in such brief space, is so interesting to read about that we only realize the tedium inevitable in so long a voyage and under such conditions when he adds, after an account of a rather foolish practical joke: "This, I dare say, you will think is a strange amusement for men. So should I if I were on shore. But here, where you have nothing else to amuse, and you are tired of everything, why, anything is a perfect godsend."

The Safety of St. Paul's. By S. A. Alexander. Murray. 2s. 6d.

THE preservation of St. Paul's Cathedral is a matter affecting the entire nation and it is not only architects and ecclesiastics who will be interested in such a book as this. As canon and treasurer of St. Paul's, Canon Alexander has been vitally concerned with the safety of the cathedral, and he traces the

history of the work accomplished from 1911, when the proposal was made to construct a tramway tunnel close to the building, to the present time. From 1913 three public appeals have been issued on behalf of the cathedral. The response to them has been more than generous. A sum of £250,000 was asked for; a sum of close upon £400,000 has been received. Canon Alexander devotes an interesting chapter to Sir Christopher Wren, and an address on the relationship between the cathedral and the City of London—delivered at the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, on February 9, 1923—is also reprinted in the volume. The various experts' reports on the condition of St. Paul's are published as an appendix. Every Englishman will echo the author's aspiration that London's great metropolitan church may survive to be "on some future day, the centre of a renewed and heightened influence."

Chats About Our Mother Tongue. By B. L. K. Henderson. Macdonald and Evans. 2s.

THIS book consists of four lectures on English grammar and literature originally delivered to an audience of bankers. The importance of the subject, even for business men, can hardly be disputed. For literature is the expression of thought and the man who cannot express himself clearly stands in peril of not being able to think clearly. As the author shrewdly and sensibly says (among a number of other shrewd and sensible observations): "We may think vaguely about things, but we can have no clear conception of anything until we can name it." Dr. Henderson traces many familiar words to their origins, and his paragraphs on the use of metaphor are admirable. He has, too, some amusing illustrations of the difficulties which our English speech present to the uninstructed foreigner. Here is one of them: "All hands on deck," roared the captain. "I put my 'ands on ze deck," said the foreigner, "and ze devils trod on 'em." Instruction and entertainment are skilfully blended in this slender volume which should find a place on the bookshelves of all interested in the correct writing and understanding of the English language.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

MELLOW SHEAVES. By Violet Tweedale. Rider. 18s. **AN ODE TO SCANDAL TOGETHER WITH A PORTRAIT.** By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Edited by R. Compton Rhodes. Oxford: Blackwell. 4s. 6d.

SHIPS AND SEALING-WAX. By George A. Birmingham. Methuen. 5s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

LISTER AS I KNEW HIM. By John Rudd Lesson. Ballière, Tindall and Cox. 8s. 6d.

Interesting not only for what it tells us of Lister himself, but for the astonishing and dismaying picture of hospital conditions in the early 'seventies and of a state of medical knowledge in which a capable physician could seriously inform the author that puerperal fever was always consequent on a lioness in the Zoo bringing forth young.

THE LIFE OF BUDDHA AS LEGEND AND HISTORY. By Edward J. Thomas. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

In comparatively recent years the sources for the history of Buddha and Buddhism have been greatly increased by the labours of Rhys Davids, Kern and Oldenberg. Dr. Thomas, using all this material, endeavours to show where they should modify accepted ideas about the teacher and the religion.

THE HISTORY OF REPARATIONS. By Carl Bergmann. Benn. 21s.

First as representative of the German Government with the Reparation Commission, and later as confidential adviser over a period of intricate negotiations, the author has been very well situated for observation of the difficulties of the problem he here endeavours to present "without prejudice or partiality." Sir Josiah Stamp, in an Introduction, commends the author for giving us the facts "in a dry light and from an indispensable angle."

THE REVEREND RICHARD BAXTER UNDER THE CROSS. (1662-1691.) By Frederick J. Powicke. Cape. 15s.

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE IMPERIAL PALACES OF PEKING. By Osvald Sirén. Parts II and III. Paris: Van Oest. £8 8s. for set of three volumes. An elaborately and admirably illustrated work issued by publishers who have in other instances rendered very great services to the study of Oriental architecture and art.

LITERARY NOTES

'GEORGE BOURNE,' otherwise the late Mr. George Sturt, left at his death the manuscript of a book which the Cambridge University Press will publish under the title, *A Small Boy in the 'Sixties*. As all readers of *The Wheelwright's Shop* will agree, he was an exceptionally acute observer of the rural poor, as well as a writer of excellent prose.

The same publishers have taken over the *Fleuron*, the only periodical in English dealing with the history and practice of typography, and it will now issue from Cambridge.

Mr. J. C. Squire's anthology, *The Cambridge Book of Lesser Poets*, is due from the Cambridge University Press this month.

Lord Sydenham's autobiography, *My Working Life*, which Mr. Murray is publishing, should possess at least the attraction of variety. As Governor of Victoria and of Bombay, and in many other capacities he has been brought into contact with those who have shaped Imperial policy in every department.

Another noteworthy book due from Mr. Murray is *A Great Man's Friendship*, the correspondence of the Duke of Wellington with Mary, Marchioness of Salisbury.

Sir Richard Muir, Mr. S. T. Felstead's memoir of a Public Prosecutor who acted in such famous cases as that of Crippen, the Whiteley murder, the Clapham Common murder, the Whitaker Wright case, is now ready for publication by the Bodley Head.

An anthology of prose and verse, *The Book of the Tree*, edited by Mr. Mase; *Shadows of the Old Booksellers*, by Charles Knight, reissued with an Introduct-

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tion by Mr. Stanley Unwin; and *Mint Sauce*, a collection of essays by Miss K. M. Wilson, dealing chiefly with music, are among the announcements of Mr. Peter Davies.

*

From the same publisher is to come a new, limited edition of Defoe's *A Tour Through the Whole Island of Great Britain*, with about fifty reproductions of Moll's contemporary maps of the counties of England. For this Mr. Peter Davies has depended on the scarce original edition of 1724-27.

*

Yet another of the reprints due from Mr. Peter Davies is *A Sentimental Journey*, verbatim from the first edition, with illustrations by Miss Vera Willoughby.

THE APRIL MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for April has a very good account of the literary and social careers of 'Merimée' by M. G. Jean Aubry, which, however, omits any reference to his great services as an organizer of the Commission for Historical Monuments. Mr. Louis Golding pays his tribute to 'Zangwill the Man,' and Mr. Francis Gribble narrates the career of Arthur Rimbaud, a standing puzzle in the history of French poetry. Mr. Harold Speed deals with the position of Sargent in the development of the theories which have influenced modern painting, and his personal attitude towards them. The Rev. A. H. T. Clarke is pessimistic as to the results of 'Prayer Book Revision,' and Mr. R. Crozier Long describes 'The Failure of Russian State Industry,' and points out the unlikelihood of any general trade with that country. Other papers deal with Portugal, Nicaragua, Trade Union Law, and the political situation.

The *London Mercury* pours scorn on the latest proposal of the Royal Automobile Club, which is to plaster our roadside villages with notes of what they think their members ought to see, drawn up in a way to reach their eyes and intelligence. A drawing of Miss Edith Evans catches her glance very well. Mr. Belloc's 'XXIV Epigrams' contain some of his best, and one or two which are certainly not entitled to be so described. Mr. John Bailey draws up an indictment of the youth of to-day, to which we may expect a spirited answer, and Mr. John Freeman contributes some devastating criticism of 'Mr. Winston Churchill as a Prose Writer.' Prof. Campbell is good on 'Sappho,' and Mr. Eric Partridge renders a service in calling attention to the forgotten work of Robert Eyres Landor, a brother of Walter. Beethoven is the subject of a paper by Mr. Goddard, and among the usual Chronicles those of Messrs. Strangways, Shanks and Pope are the best.

The *Adelphi* opens with 'An Apology for a Sermon' by Mr. Murry, who preached it lately in Glasgow. Two stories, both rather ghastly in subject, are worth notice. The Contributors' Club calls attention to Mr. Galsworthy's unconscious habit of ending his novels with a line of blank verse—it seems this is not counted a fault in modern English prose. The 'Life of Jesus,' now in its second impression, is still serialized.

The *National Review* deals with China, Germany, Socialism, Protection, the prospects of Prayer Book Revision, and Squash Rackets in the 'Episodes of the Month.' Mr. Maxse has a lively attack on the Supineness of Ministers; the Marquess of Ailesbury supports inquiry into 'The Nationalization of Land'; there is an excellent 'Japanese View of the Anglo-Chinese Problem,' and a thrilling account of the Underground Labyrinth of Arras in 1917—Arras long before was honeycombed with deep cellars and passages. Mr. White is good on 'The Raven'; Senectusa tells us of the life of 'An English Schoolmaster at a U.S.A. School,' and Mr. Edwards writes on 'The Myth of the Man in the Iron Mask,' to name no other papers.

Blackwood opens with 'The True Cause of our Impotence at Jutland,' which is that our Admirals did not know where they exactly were, not to speak of Admiral Beatty's puzzle-orders. 'Walpoliana' is interesting; Mr. Mackworth tells the story of 'The First Naval Kite Balloon'; Mr. Martyr gives an entertaining account of an explorer-uncle on a camping tour in the Midlands, and Capt. Craufurd tells of a treasure hunt in Cocos Island. Mr. Rogerson gives an account of the Brandon flint-knapping—'The Oldest Industry in the World'; and 'Musings Without Method' are on Russia, Chester-le-Street, and Female Suffrage.

The *English Review* opens with a vigorous attack upon the Government policy in China—'Conciliation or Capitulation'—by Mr. Ernest Remnant, while A. A. B. writes on the urgency of 'House of Lords Reform.' Sir Rennell Rodd reviews 'Under Three Emperors,' and points out its value as a corrective of recent eulogies of Bismarckian policy. Mr. L. C. Robertson gives a good critical account of 'Meredith the Poet,' and Mr. Eric Shepherds waxes lyrical over Aigues Mortes. Other articles of importance are 'The Prayer Book and Reservation,' by Sir Thos. Inskip, and on Tangier, Imperial Air Communication, The Boxer Plan, and Working Hours. Mr. S. W. Keyte gives us an amusing history of the Roman Baths, and Lady Fergusson describes 'A Day on Palmerston Island, N.Z.'

THE CONNOISSEUR

EARLY MAPS

IN Mr. Ambrose Heal's spacious Mansard Gallery in Tottenham Court Road, there has just been opened an Exhibition of Maps representative of the work of the early map-makers of Europe, who successfully endeavoured to make their maps pictorially beautiful and decorative.

* * *

Medieval maps, such as the remarkable one exhibited in Hereford Cathedral, possess no geographical or decorative value; they embody a curious mixture of symbolism and natural history, in which fabulous animals play a leading part. The mermaid, the unicorn, and the dragon, are mixed up with the ape, the whale and the lion. In a blank corner of one of these early cloister maps, which the designer was at a loss to fill, he puts the words: "Here are many lions," this possibly as a warning to the timid pilgrim. Beauty applied to the map began with the Portolan charts, which were the outcome of maritime enterprise in the Mediterranean. The pilgrim habit, the Crusading impulse, and the Viking spirit had contributed something to early map production; but commercial activity, affecting such places as Venice, Genoa, Pisa, Majorca and Barcelona, produced what were the first real maps, and nothing in the history of map-making is more significant or more impressive than the passage from the pictured cloister maps of the dark ages to the great series of Catalan Mediterranean charts of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.



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C. E. M. JOAD says in the *Referee*—

"... remarkable book" . . . "this extraordinarily interesting book."

Their decorative value was considerable, but as they were printed as single sheets (for the atlas was then unknown) they are rarely found well preserved.

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* *

The maps of the sixteenth century, and by these are meant chiefly those by Ortelius and Mercator, are artistically poor productions compared with what was soon to follow. Symbolism gradually made way for new forms of ornament. The centre of map production was transferred to Holland, and almost entirely limited to Amsterdam. But before this had happened, two gifted men, George Braun and Francis Hogenberg, working together, had produced and published in sections, between 1572 and 1618, a book of great beauty and charm, called 'Civitates Orbis Terrarum.' This book gave pictures, and in most cases they are the earliest that exist, of the chief towns of Europe. With this book there is also associated a memorable name in topography and cartography, that of George Hoefnagle. Hoefnagle is a name notable among map-designers, although his fame has not spread as it deserves. I am glad to see that his work is well represented by good specimens at the Mansard Gallery.

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* *

Owing to the enterprise of the greatest man who figures in seventeenth-century map-production, Amsterdam became at the beginning of the seventeenth century a centre of geographical knowledge. Willem Janszoon Blaeu, encouraged by Tycho Brahe, started first as a maker of mathematical instruments, but soon organized the great firm of map-producers, conducted under the name of Blaeu, which became famous all the world over. We know little or nothing of the names of the colourists employed by Blaeu, nor do we know anything of the designers of the noble cartouches which were applied to Dutch maps. It is in the smaller details of ornament that Blaeu's maps excel; he uses the old traditional ornament on maps, the whale, the ship and the seahorse, but he draws as well from a wide range of other subjects. In his smaller atlas there are, for instance, illustrations of five hundred ships, two hundred costume pictures, and a thousand coats of arms or village scenes.

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* *

A rival to Blaeu was another Dutchman, Jan Jansson, who made use of George Hoefnagle, and thereby produced a book as a rival to Braun and Hogenberg's work, to which I have already referred. The exhibition at the Mansard Gallery includes fine specimens of Christopher Saxton's rare county maps, first issued in 1579, and also many specimens by John Speed, who produced maps of the English counties largely under Dutch influence.

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* *

To Sir George Fordham must be given the credit as a pioneer in collecting old maps. He wrote with great knowledge upon them many years before the present zeal for collecting had set in. The Hispanic Society of America, with its vast resources, has collected the largest number of Portolan charts, whereas decorative maps and atlases have found highly intelligent collectors in Mrs. L. M. Hamilton, of Paris, and Mr. A. G. H. MacPherson, of London. As a nation we should be proud of the wealth of maps in the collection of the Royal Geographical Society, and in the Map Room of the British Museum.

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PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in "Literary Notes" (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 264

INSECT TO WHICH OUR PROUDEST ROBES WE OWE;
PLANT UPON WHICH THAT INSECT'S FOOD DID GROW.

1. "The total of the whole," when added right.
2. Ask, and dismissing wrath, you'll find the light.
3. Dreadful 'twould be if it should lose its head.
4. Transpose whose look, 'twas thought, could strike one dead.
5. Sager than seven, in his own conceit.
6. Sometimes atrocious, sometimes passing sweet.
7. Above us all, but in yon schoolboy's hand.
8. Upheld by law in every Christian land.
9. A grain by Eastern peasants often sowed.
10. Once found at every inn along the road,
11. Where now this obstacle's no longer seen.
12. Within her small domain she rules as queen.

Solution of Acrostic No. 262

Y arro W
E tinoc A¹ ¹ Also called Wolf's-bane.
L o T
L ady-lov E
O m Ri² ² 1 Kings xvi. 22. 25. 28.
W ido W
H avan A
cA cklm G
M armo T
M arsal A
rE In
R owe L

ACROSTIC No. 262.—The winner is Mrs. Fardell, 16 Brechin Place, S.W.7, who has selected as her prize "Ludwig von Beethoven," by Harvey Grace, published by Kegan Paul, and reviewed in our columns on March 26. Two other competitors chose this book, 35 named "Animal Mind," 13 "John Comes Home," 10 "Cut Flowers," etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armadale, Baldersby, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Charles G. Box, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Ruth Carrick, J. Chambers, Coque, Maud Crowther, Dhault, D. L. Dodeka, Dolmar, East Sheen, C. Ellis, Cyril E. Ford, Hetriants, Iago, Isaac Jackson, Jerboa, John Lennie, Madge, Margaret, Miss J. F. Maxwell, G. W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, Peter, F. M. Petty, Polamar, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Trike, Twyford, Tyro, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu, Zero, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Blinkers, Mrs. Robt. Brown, C. H. Burton, Miss Carter, Cyx, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Reginald P. Eccles, G. M. Fowler, Gay, Lieut.-Col. Sir Wolseley Haig, Hanworth, Jeff, Lillian, Lady Mottram, Penelope, Presto, Quis, Spyella, H. M. Vaughan, Albert E. K. Wherry, Yewden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Rev. E. P. Gatty, Miss Kelly. All others more.

YEWDEN.—I accepted Lazuli, but you made a slip of the pen, and I did not recognize the word in your solution.

ACROSTIC No. 261.—CORRECT: Margaret, Kirkton. ONE LIGHT WRONG: A. M. W. Maxwell, J. R. Cripps. TWO WRONG: C. H. Burton, G. M. Fowler, J. Chambers, D. L., C. Ellis, Jop, John Lennie, Quis, Rikki, Stucco. All others more.

For Light 4 Redecorate is accepted.

The attention of Competitors is drawn to the fact that solutions must reach the Editor on Thursday instead of on Friday, as hitherto.



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Pages from the Diary of an Austin Owner

PAGE SIX

MEET young Higgins this afternoon, full of lamentation over his latest car's inability to keep that schoolgirl complexion. No longer does she exhibit the dazzling beauty and polish that brought out his cheque book so briskly at Olympia—and worse still, she is developing unmistakable symptoms of serious internal disorders. Well, youth must learn its lesson, so I trotted him round to my place and led him gently to the garage. Silently, almost reverently, he gazed on my Austin Twelve, looking scarcely a day older than when she came to me more than a year ago. And if the local Austin man doesn't very soon sell a car to a fellow whose name is Higgins—well, mine's "Juggins"!



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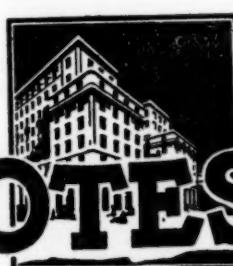
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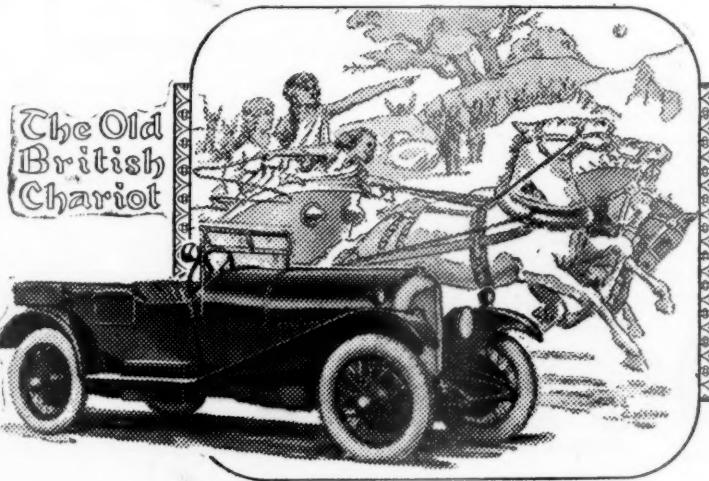
By H. THORNTON RUTTER

ALTHOUGH English cars are imported into France in very limited numbers, and are chiefly Rolls-Royces and Daimlers, the new French tariff, which is to be discussed in the Chamber of Deputies at an early date, may affect the British motor industry owing to the greatly increased duty on American cars that will almost prohibit their sale in France in the future. When the suggested tariff comes into force, greater efforts will be made by the U.S.A. manufacturers to make up for lost trade by increased business in Great Britain and the Empire. The tariff provides for either *ad valorem* or specific duties, the higher of the two being taken in each particular case. The *ad valorem* duty is forty-five per cent., while the specific duties start at eight hundred and twenty-five francs per hundred kilogrammes for complete cars weighing seven hundred and fifty kilos, and less, increasing to sixteen hundred and fifty francs for cars of eighteen hundred and thirty-one kilos, and over. These are the minimum rates, the maximum being three times higher. There will be little change so far as expensive cars are concerned, but the low-priced "cheap" cars will be so adversely affected that the tariff will virtually close down such importations. The Ford Company state that the rate will be equivalent to one hundred and twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem* duty on their models. Another American maker with a wide range of models states that their duty will range from ninety per cent. to one hundred and thirty-eight per cent. There will be no relief by importing parts for assembly in France, for these will be completely covered by the tariff. The electrical

branch of the motor industry will be still more seriously affected. Some of the individual parts for magneto and generators are taxed under the specific rates at one thousand two hundred per cent. of their value, while the rates on imported tyres equal about fifty per cent. of their value. These rates will make the new French tariff on motor vehicles the highest in the world. English accessory makers and manufacturers of motor cycles will be hit under the new tariff, although the British car-makers are scarcely affected.

* * *

Mr. Churchill will be interested to learn that British tyres will be subjected to fifty per cent. *ad valorem* duty when imported to France, while French tyres are coming into England free of tax and in increasing quantities. Also, notwithstanding the present thirty-three and one-third per cent. *ad valorem* duty on imported cars—the present tax in England—the import of foreign cars and chassis for the first two months of this year showed a ninety-six per cent. increase on the same period twelve months ago. On the other hand our export motor trade for these two months has only increased forty-one per cent., which is a disquieting feature at the best. In his search for new revenue the Chancellor might certainly include a tariff of fifty per cent. on tyres which the French intend to impose, and further increase the tariff on cars and chassis, whether for passengers or goods. During the first two months of this year 6,177 cars and chassis were imported, and the home factories exported 7,790. Although British firms, like Humber, are producing one hundred cars per week, at the same time, for example, an American factory is importing fifty cars per week of a low-price model, which we could well do without, as all such foreign cars help to diminish British factories from employing more labour to increase the home output.



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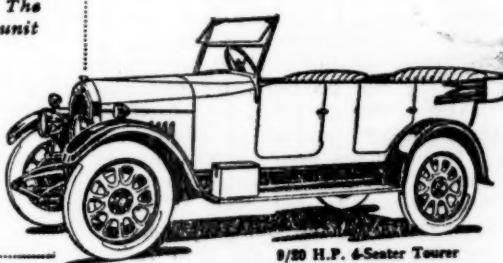
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

MARKETS have continued in an uninteresting state, and in view of the fact that the present twenty-one day account covers Budget day and the Easter holidays, this is not surprising. Before my notes appear again we shall know how Mr. Churchill proposes to obtain the necessary revenue for the next twelve months. His decisions may affect certain isolated stocks, but as a market factor I do not think the Budget will be of very great importance, always, of course, providing there is no increase in the income tax. Should Parliament decide that certain ministries as a whole are not necessary, a useful saving may be secured. At the same time economies such as these may prove very expensive in the long run.

UNION CORPORATION

An interesting report issued this week is that of the Union Corporation. The realized net profit for the year amounts to £383,990. An interim dividend of 1s. 9d. per share was paid on November 26 last, and a final dividend of 3s. 3d. per share is now declared, making 5s. for the year. I have dealt so fully with the Corporation's position in the past that further comment is unnecessary. Special attention is again drawn to these shares, which, in addition to a very satisfactory yield, should show the investor substantial capital appreciation if a little patience is exercised.

OILS

The oil share market has been one of the most depressed centres of the Stock Exchange. This is partly due to the residue of an undigested Bull account, and partly to the cut in petrol, owing to the largely increased American production. It is a popular fallacy that shares should be bought when markets are booming and ignored when markets are flat. Although oil shares may go lower, the opinion is expressed that those able to purchase and lock away such shares as Lobitos and Burma oil at present prices, will find they have made very good bargains in due course.

NEWSPAPER COMPANIES

During the last week reports and balance sheets of the *Daily Mirror* Newspapers, Ltd., and the *Sunday Pictorial* Newspapers (1920), Ltd., have been issued, and in each case an extremely strong position is shown. The *Daily Mirror* Company show a profit of £301,788 after making full provision for depreciation of plant, machinery, contingencies, etc. Analysis of the balance sheet discloses the very strong position of the Company. Goodwill has been written down to £285,979, investments at cost or under figure at £1,295,207, debtors £363,883 and cash at banks £920,674. At a meeting of the Company held in January, the Chairman stated that the then ruling value of the Company's investments was over £6,000,000. I have in the past recommended *Daily Mirror* shares as sound permanent investments; which advice is again repeated. These shares in the course

of the next twelve months will probably stand at a considerably higher figure than that ruling to-day. As to the *Sunday Pictorial* Company, similar results are shown, and here also the shares appear well worth locking away at the present price.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Last Monday a prospectus was issued dealing with an issue of £1,500,000 Western Australia 5% inscribed stock 1945-75. The issue price was £97 10s. Included in the prospectus was the very fullest particulars of the financial position of the borrower. Those concerned deserve congratulation for the ample information included in the prospectus, information the absence of which in the past has frequently been commented on in these notes.

DUNLOP RUBBER

Despite the very serious effects that last year's labour troubles had on the business of the Company, the Dunlop Rubber Company have been able to place £500,000 to reserve, increase the dividend on their Ordinary shares from 15% to 20% and increase their carry forward, a result which must be considered as eminently satisfactory. A particular point of interest in the report is the statement that for the first time the American Company, in which this Company is such a large investor, has been able to report a small profit on its operations. Given industrial peace there appears no reason why the Dunlop Company should not show a surprising expansion of profits for the current year. Holders of Dunlop shares should rest content that they have an investment with considerable possibilities.

DRAPERY MERGER

Considerable interest was naturally aroused at the news that Selfridges had concluded a deal to take over Whiteleys. While Selfridges are to be congratulated on the deal they have completed, Whiteley's shareholders have no cause to complain. The dividend on their Ordinary shares is guaranteed at 25% for the next ten years and, in addition, they are given the right to apply for 450,000 out of 1,000,000 1s. Deferred shares, which will take the surplus profits. Whiteleys, galvanized with the Selfridge touch, should have a very prosperous future. The only point of criticism in the arrangement appears to be the excessive compensation which is being given to the existing directors for resigning their offices.

TIN

Nigerian tin shares in the general dullness of markets have been content to remain merely steady. There has, however, been good buying of Associated Tin Mine shares. This Company appears to be progressing very satisfactorily. Month by month its tin outputs are increasing, and by September the programme output of seventy tons a month should be realized. Meanwhile, the Company's subsidiaries appear to be doing well. When the report and balance sheet for the first year of the Company's existence, which terminates in May, are issued, shareholders will appreciate the progress that has been made. A substantial cash dividend can be expected and in all probability a scrip bonus issue.

TAURUS

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Company Meeting**THE NATIONAL MINING CORPORATION, LTD.**

The SEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the National Mining Corporation, Ltd. (of 428 Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C.), was held on the 7th inst., in London.

Mr. Herbert Guedalla (Chairman of the company) presided, and, in moving the adoption of the report, said that the results were naturally disappointing to all of them, and the setback was due to two causes, the first being the actual loss on certain ventures, and the second being that other properties had not come to fruition as soon as they were entitled to expect.

The Chairman having dealt with the Corporation's loss in connection with the Comstock Merger Mines, gave details of the Corporation's oil interests in Roumania, and, in particular, their interest in the important Roumanian Oil Company called the Societate "Sospiro"—which represented by far their largest investment—the Chairman said that this company held oil rights over about 50,000 acres of land situated in the midst of the Roumanian oilfields, which was probably the largest area held by any oil company in Roumania. The drilling programme in six different areas on the Sospiro property included eight productive wells, eleven wells in course of drilling, and a number of wells which would be started as soon as those in progress reached completion. It was expected that within the next few months they would be able to secure results which would prove to be of an important and satisfactory nature. With regard to the Amalgamated Oil Lands of Roumania, Ltd., it was disappointing that the results anticipated from the drilling at Moreni had not been fulfilled, but three new wells should be completed within the next few months.

Their Corporation, with associates, had secured an option on the Lake George Mine near Canberra, in New South Wales, and was now engaged in re-opening and developing this property. Results to date indicated probable ore amounting to over 600,000 tons, assaying 7 per cent. lead, 11 to 13 per cent. zinc, and some gold, silver and copper. Should further drill holes prove the continuity of the ore, the tonnage would be raised to nearly 1,000,000 tons. With regard to Camp Bird, Santa Gertrudis and Mexican Corporation, the chief interests of this group were in its silver mines in Mexico, which were now producing over 15,000,000 ounces of silver per annum. The profit from these operations had naturally suffered from the sharp fall in silver prices which occurred in the latter part of last year. In the case of Santa Gertrudis, this factor had been to a great extent offset by the higher grade of ore available for treatment and by the completion of the expenditure on the Don Carlos shaft. For the eight months of the current financial year for which returns had been received, the operating profit had averaged about £28,000 per month. Developments in the Don Carlos Mine had also been most encouraging, and should have an important effect on the ore reserve position. The Fresnillo Mine of the Mexican Corporation, on account of the lower grade of its silver ores, had been more seriously affected by the fall in the price of silver, and the proportion of the lowest grade surface ore treated had been reduced to meet the situation. At the same time, development in the sulphide ore was now giving excellent results, and both the grade and quantity of ore available for treatment were steadily improving. They had there all the indications of a rich and important mine. The Teziutlan Mine of the Mexican Corporation was on a steady profit-earning basis.

As regarded their Canadian investment, the main asset of the Porcupine Goldfields Development and Finance Company was the Ankerite Gold Mine, which was developing up to expectation. All the work on the property of the South American Copper Syndicate had been suspended since October, but it was expected that production would be re-commenced early next month. With regard to the Corporation's holding in the Botanamo Mining Corporation, the Chairman stated that the mill on the property in Venezuela would start milling ore in May or June. As to their interest in the Southern European Metal Corporation, which operated a zinc mine in Italy, the Chairman stated that that mine continued to develop well, and they anticipated that it would not be long before they received a satisfactory return on this investment.

The Chairman, in conclusion, dealt with the Corporation's holdings in the Mill Close Mines, Moler Products and The Chemical and Metallurgical Corporation. The last-named, he said, was constructing a large plant on the Manchester Ship Canal, which should be put into operation during the next eight months. In the current year he thought they should be able to depend on some of their investments turning out well, and, giving due allowance to the speculative nature of their business, they had every reason to be hopeful as to future results.

Mr. F. W. Baker seconded the resolution, which was carried.

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Nothing in the monthlies competes for completeness and up-to-date-ness with the editorial "episodes" in the *National Review*.—*The Times*, Wednesday, December 1, 1926.

NATIONAL REVIEW

Edited by L. J. Maxse. April, 1927. Price 3s. net.

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BY COMMENDATORE LUIGI VILLARI

Too Much Burgomaster

BY L. J. MAXSE

The Nationalization of Land

BY THE MARQUESS OF AILESBOURY

A Japanese View of the Anglo-Chinese Problem

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

Arras in 1917 and its Underground Labyrinth

BY CAPTAIN WILMOT P. M. RUSSELL, M.C.

The Stately Raven

BY W. WALMSLEY WHITE

William T. Tilden 2nd

BY F. GORDON LOWE

The Divine Right to Strike

BY MRS. ALISON NAIRN

An English Schoolmaster at a U.S.A. School

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